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THE FUTURE OF CONSERVATISM

[An Address given at the English Review Luncheon Club Meeting on February 22nd, 1934]

MY purpose in choosing the future of Conservatism as my subject is not to give information, but, if possible, to obtain it. Broadly, the question that I want to put is this, Does the future of those who hold the Conservative faith lie in or out of the Conservative party? This question grows in urgency because, as the Socialist polls increase and the issue of the next election grows more doubtful, pressure will be put on the party by their leaders to organize and consolidate, in the name of democracy, the ranks of all, who are against the policy of the socialist party, regardless of whether or no they hold the conservative faith.

These tactics may well win the election. But what is the price the country is to be asked to pay? Are we, in order to preserve a political alliance against a section of our own countrymen, to remain permanently undefended at sea and in the air? Are we to continue to menace the peace of Europe by a vacillating foreign policy, and to promote the forces of social unrest by joining in protests against all conservative movements in Europe, while supporting by our recognition and our diplomatic favours the Russian experiment? Again, are we to acquiesce in the gradual extension of state control over industry as the price of resisting its more rapid extension by another party? Finally, are we to stand committed to an unreformed Parliament in an age when the acute and passionate differences between advocates of two wholly divergent conceptions of society makes social revolution in the long run the only possible outcome of the present system?

Do we need Liberal help in our Troubles

THESE are not academic questions. They are vital not merely to the well being of our own people but to the peace of the world. We are told that the state of the world to-day is very difficult, and that we simple rustics who have only read our Aristotle and our Burke ought to be glad to have the assistance of really clever men like Sir John Simon. Was not the Conservative party helped in another age by another clever Liberal, Mr. Chamberlain? That is true, but is the fact that in his mid-career at the height of his powers Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was openly converted to Conservative principles any reason for the abandonment of these same principles by the leaders of the Conservative Party to-day?

And are the demands made on us in regard to home policy any less surprising? For we are told that we should not refer to the question of unemployment, that it is doing no good to the party to stress the figures, still less to analyse them. We are told that democracy is at stake and that therefore we must talk not of unemployment but of recovery. I will not ask if this is honourable. I will merely ask those who talk in this strain if it is likely to be useful? Of course we are recovering: even a professor of economics knows that no slump can continue indefinitely without an upward trend. Stocks must be replenished; capital displacements cannot be indefinitely postponed. The trade cycle continues to revolve even in the worst of times. But to what level are we returning? Are we returning, as after the pre-war slumps, to something well below half-a-million of unemployed, the overwhelming proportion of whom were only temporarily out of work? Or are we returning, as in 1922, to 1,000,000 unemployed; or, as after 1926, to 1,300,000? Or are we "recovering" to a figure of over 2,000,000 with no reduction at all in the appalling total of the permanently unemployed? The answer is well known. Can it be kept dark? The answer to this very obvious question is clear from the bye-election statistics.

Nonsense about Democracy

IS it a wise and statesmanlike policy to say to a country suffering these things that the one thing that really matters is not the nature of the remedy but that the remedy shall be applied in a parliamentary way? Look round the world to-day and see how much the common people of Europe care about the parliamentary way. Our Liberal friends are always talking about the spread of communications and the international mind. Much of what they say is false, but it is certain that we cannot insulate ourselves, or the minds and imaginations of our people, against the effects of the vast political experiments which are being made all over the world.

It is not even as if this appeal to democracy were honest. We have an extra-Parliamentary commission of bureaucrats reorganizing the coal industry, another committee attempting, by means wholly outside the scope of Parliament, to reorganize and amalgamate the iron and steel industry. How can we do these things publicly and then raise a protest because Sir Stafford Cripps proposes to legislate by Order in Council under general powers. It is arguable whether it is wise to spend a hundred millions a year teaching people that wisdom comes from reading and writing, but it is folly to do this and then talk to them as if they could neither read nor write.

The age of Bureaucracy

THE whole world knows that the system we are trying to operate to-day is not democracy but politico-economic bureaucracy. It is all very nice to talk about this as the historic English way of doing things, but is it true? The way, if indeed it be a way and not as many think a blind alley, is neither historic nor English. It is the system known as state capitalism which, after some preliminary investigation by a Scots barrister educated at a Saxon university, was imported from Prussia by a Welsh solicitor in 1911.

It is a system which is undemocratic and unpopular,

and which has visibly failed. Is the Conservative Party pledged to fight for this new bureaucracy? Or does it still stand, where it has always stood in the past, for the principle of personal responsibility? Does it still stand not for the concentration but for the wider distribution of property? Does it now take as its aim the distribution to a propertyless people of the maximum of cheap goods, or does it still stand for the restoration to each and all of the maximum of economic independence? Whatever the Conservative Party decides to do, someone in the country is going to fight this battle, because economic independence, personal responsibility and local initiative form the basis of the only alternative policy which can ever carry the day against Socialism. Men will accept the inequalities of wealth when they are free to make their own efforts to acquire wealth. They will never accept the inequalities of wealth as part of a bureaucrat's plan.

Where do we stand

THE public must know where the Conservative Party stands on this fundamental issue. It is useless for the party leaders to sit on the fence and murmur about evolution. It is obvious that some services, such as gas and electricity, must to a large extent remain monopolies. It is obvious that you cannot produce motor cars one by one in the village blacksmith's shop. But there is a clear-cut dividing line between the use of State influence and State subsidies and the use of government legislation to force amalgamations and rivet bureaucratic control on industry, and the alternative policy of declaring and pursuing, as the principal aim of government action, the systematic freeing of industry from control, the protection of the small man, and the increasingly wide distribution of property.

Is Bureaucracy Temporary or Permanent?

WE who believe in Conservatism want to know on which side the Conservative party stands. The

Conservative is indifferent to methods. He is quite prepared, and has always been prepared, to interfere with industry in the interests of the community. Since he does not believe, like the Liberal, that man is naturally good and wise, he has no prejudice against state action as such. But he is entitled to know the purpose for which state action is being taken. Is it our object to re-create a free self-reliant agriculture which, when the period of reorganization is over, will be able to supply us with the bulk of our agricultural needs without subsidy, without official control and at competitive prices? Or are we merely bringing agriculture within the orbit of the bureaucracy, in order to make it a bargaining counter in the new bureaucratic game of trade pacts and agreements?

As to industry, how far are we going and for how long in the direction of State control? I am not inquiring at the moment how wise or how foolish any individual scheme may be. But it is obvious that, where schemes of control and marketing are permanently necessary, the question of constitutional reform is urgent. **If industry is to be governed it must, if the fundamental principles of effective private responsibility are not to be violated, be self-governed.** The government of industry is a task for which Parliament as constituted to-day is fundamentally unfitted, and by its own admission, and if anything could turn a convinced Conservative into a Socialist it is the suggestion that an irresponsible bureaucracy removed from Parliamentary control is a satisfactory alternative to Socialism.

The Public and the new Bureaucracy

LET us be in no doubt about the public temper in these matters. The system under which we are suffering to-day is not only not democratic but, what is far more important, it is not felt to be democratic. What we are suffering from is the latest attempt at tyranny of the latest privileged class, the administrative,

the organizing and the political class. The advent to power of this class is due, like the advent of every other ruling class, to changes in world conditions. Their effect is to make the man who writes the news more important than the man who makes it; to make the man who can sell goods more important than the man who makes them; to make the man who has the knack of handling and controlling and placating boards and committees and public meetings more important than the man who can only run his own business in his own way. A world where no-one can grow a cabbage without a permit is inevitably a world in which the man who issues the permit takes first place and the man who can get a permit the second place, and the man who can only grow the cabbage ranks nowhere at all.

The result has been nothing less than a revolution. For the first time in world history, effective power has passed from the producers of goods and services to the dispensers of goods and services, to a new bureaucracy of industry, to the professors and the economists, to the lawyers, to accountants, to journalists, to advertising agents, to the large distributors, to the whole race of intermediaries who derive their livelihood by standing (and not infrequently reclining) between the producer and the consumer.

The New Tyranny Expands

OUR new bureaucracy are already in the saddle. Nay, more; they have already won the race and are refreshing themselves with copious draughts at the fountain of honours. I need mention no names. No issue of the *Times* is complete without a letter from one of them agreeing with another one as to the way to help somebody else's business by spending somebody else's money. Our new rulers, like all the rulers of the past, are seeking, quite naturally, so to mould and alter our political machinery so as to give them uncontrolled political power. The demand for plans and commissions of control is as

natural a phenomenon of this age of bureaucracy as the demand of the eighteenth century government of landlords for Enclosure Acts and Corn Laws, and the demand of the nineteenth century governments of merchants and financiers for the destruction of agriculture in the interests of Free Trade. Let us accept our new rulers or reject them. But do not let us call the new tyranny democracy. It is false and it is futile.

Will Fascism Come to England

GOVERNING classes are judged by results: the contemporary judgment on our twenty years experiment in the new bureaucracy is not favourable. It is true that in France a fortnight ago the deputies escaped. It was also reported from the United States before the recent establishment of an effective personal rule, that on the occasion of the last two big popular riots the Government troops escaped. But elsewhere the troops and deputies have been less fortunate. The democracies of the West have found their answer to their new masters, and the question whether Fascism will spread or fail in England does not depend on the colour of Sir Oswald Mosley's shirt, or even on the colour of Sir Oswald Mosley's money, but on whether the British democracy can find a better method than Fascism of checking and controlling the encroachment of bureaucracy, its muddles and incompetence, its ever-present threat of corruption, and the wave of economic ruin which accompanies its activities.

The Conservatism Opportunity

THAT, is the great question before us. In practical politics principles are the only things that matter. Even if we had effectively reduced unemployment, we could not win an election on an elaborate statistical calculation of our achievement. People want to know to what goal they are being led by those who oppose Socialism, but who have so far nothing but Socialist measures to offer them as the alternative. If the word is

spoken in time we may win our election. If we can tell them that we stand, not for State control but for self-government in industry, not for bureaucracy but for constitutional reform; if we tell them that we stand and will work unceasingly for the restoration of agriculture without qualification to the maximum of our productive resources; if we tell them that we stand for the wider distribution of property and against its concentration; that our watchword will be not efficiency but social justice, not cheap goods but a life of independence and dignity—then, the country will listen to us. Otherwise it will relapse into that apathy which is the prelude to every Socialist victory.

DOUGLAS JERROLD

A masterpiece for to-day

Like an etching by Dürer . . or a painting by Rembrandt . . . one instinctively associates the word masterpiece with a Bechstein. Each in its own way is the work of master craftsmen. And now comes an epoch-making event—the smallest Baby Grand by the most famous house in the music world. This, the newest Bechstein production, is a masterpiece in miniature. Only 4 feet 6 inches in length, it fits into the smallest flat . . . in price, too, it conforms to modern conditions. Isn't it worth enquiring about?

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North and South. An Impression

By Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P.

TWO brief visits to the industrial North, one to Tyneside and the other to Cumberland and Furness, during January and February, after a close study of conditions in a prosperous constituency in the Home Counties, by themselves scarcely provide material for the most superficial account of things seen and contrasts noted. There is indeed no lack of statistical and other information as to trends of population and industry in the North and South of England. Only a skilled investigator could handle it without being submerged. Tyneside and Cumberland have both been the subject in recent years of comprehensive surveys by expert hands,* and there is no lack of similar studies of other areas.

Certain features are common to both regions and, indeed, to most parts of the North of England. Under the pressure of unemployment in the heavy industries the population is moving southwards. It is not an entirely new trend: it began in Cumberland in the nineties, but has only just begun on Tyneside, where the natural growth of the population has been roughly in inverse proportion to the contraction of industry. On both coasts there is a population for which adequate employment is unlikely to be forthcoming. Both regions depend on coal, iron, and shipbuilding. Both, but especially Tyneside, have suffered from the permanent shrinkage of the British Mercantile Marine and of orders for new naval construction, for which Cumberland ores were in special demand. Both regions were left at the end of the War with great plants, devised for the production of a very wide range of munitions, in adapting which

* "Industrial Tyneside." A Social Survey, 1928. By Henry A. Mess. (Benn, 5s.).
"An Industrial Survey of Cumberland and Furness." By J. Jewkes and A. Winterbottom. (Manchester: Univ. Press, 1933.)

to the needs of peace the greatest ingenuity was shown. In both areas new types of machines have tended to increase unemployment, particularly among skilled adults with specialized skill, whilst the absence of important alternative industries and the dependence of economic existence on the private circumstances of a very few large firms makes for uncertainty and instability.

The agricultural industry on both coasts is at a low level; though regular employment on the land is on the increase, casual labour has also tended to fall, largely because long-period engagements of men are more common than in the South. There are few small-holders, and no active steps are being taken under Governmental auspices to develop land settlement in any form, though there are fewer men employed on the land now than in 1850, and machinery has had almost no effect upon the volume of employment on farms. Unofficial attempts to develop small-holdings now being made have met with a degree of success that augurs well for the movement, if actively encouraged by Government.

On the other hand, there has been a steady increase of expenditure by County Councils, despite a stationary or falling population, and a falling rateable value, due in part to the shrinkage of railway traffic which was reflected in assessments. Trading services soon tend to lose money when business is bad, and even municipal water services are often run at a loss when large commercial users drop out. In one northern county the total rate fund expenditure increased by over 50 per cent. between 1919 and 1930, of which over half was met by Exchequer Grants, and rates increased in about the same proportion. The incidence of local taxation is considerably higher in the North than in the South; this fact gives impetus to the southward movement of fairly well-to-do people, draining the counties of a very valuable social element, of a type, too, that survived far longer in effective and vigorous life in the North than in the South. There were until quite recently many men of good breeding and real

status who could and did for preference talk the county dialect, as well as "common English," in their own locality without conveying the slightest hint of patronage.

Their place has been taken for practical purposes by large and increasing official staffs. Large sums have been borrowed and are still being spent on roads for tourist traffic, past rows of hovels which are a public scandal and a national disgrace. Half the money spent on making racing tracks in the past ten years would have sufficed, if capitalized, to finance the most urgent local housing schemes. Local administration is an inextricable tangle, in which Authorities, numbered in some counties by many scores, spend a vast amount of energy in fighting each other and wrangling with Whitehall for grants. There are too many Urban Districts, too many Boroughs, perhaps even too many Counties. Nowhere is the case for larger units stronger on grounds of economy* and of common interests. The broad issues of Local Government have yet to be faced. The matter is more urgent in the North than in the South because population and rateable value are alike declining.

Protection has, as yet, done little good to the North-East and North-West coastal districts, for the falling off of traffic with Ireland and the Continent has not, as yet, been counterbalanced as in the South by any increase of internal trade.

Individual initiative has been sapped here, as elsewhere, by restrictive regulations, the cumulative effect of which is serious. Why keep pigs for home consumption when it is a crime to kill one without a costly licence and a very expensive instrument? Why go to the expense of starting to keep them when at any moment a man may be prosecuted under some obscure regulation for causing a nuisance and convicted, not because he has done so, but because he has contravened a rule? The schools in the

* Cumberland is an honourable exception, with a debt of £1 5s. 2d. per head in 1932, almost the lowest in England, and Cumberland has been foremost in its attempts to create efficient local units.

North are in general freer than those in the South from any sort of agricultural bias. Thousands of children sit on benches till they are 14, engaged in purely clerical learning. The benches are no better designed than the curriculum—the one cramping the body as the other does the mind. Many when they leave are unemployable: they are no more able than their teachers to grow vegetables or tend animals. Not one in a thousand has seen a cow milked, not one in a hundred has fed a hen. They sometimes learn to do so, later, but not till they have been at a loose end for three or four years, and have deteriorated bodily and mentally. Gone is the keenness of youth—they have been taught to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest—books.

Yet the tending of animals and the growing of food crops is probably of all forms of work the most suited for adolescents, and one to which they could be harnessed at least cost, though agriculture will never in the North employ as many persons as in the South: the quality of the land will not allow it, but food production can and should bulk much more largely in schemes of education. These will succeed only if they are under the Ministry of Agriculture and not under the Board of Education, just as the Occupational and Training Centres, because they are run by the Ministry of Labour, have been successful, thanks to the close touch maintained with industry.

The southward drain of population from the N.E. and N.W. coastal areas has been serious. It is said that a million persons, mostly adolescents, have left the North for the South during the past ten years. In both areas there are " black spots," in which high rates of unemployment have persisted so long that the areas are industrially derelict, but continue to retain large bodies of workers who live on public funds. Such are Jarrow and Hebburn on Tyneside, Haltwhistle in Northumberland, Witton Park in County Durham, and Cleator Moor and Maryport in Cumberland. In all of these there was less employment available in 1933 than in 1931.

We have to face the fact, firstly, that these derelict areas must be dealt with by special measures, quite apart from the general body of legislation, and, secondly, that juvenile unemployment is present in both regions on a scale unknown elsewhere. Special treatment is needed because these derelict areas are nearly all more or less isolated; few responsible persons have visited them all, or many of them frequently, and few of these live in the South of England. No writer or speaker on current events in this country should fail to go to such places once a year. He should spend a week in the locality, talking to all and sundry. He will find himself equipped on his return with conversational weapons against those who see only the thriving, relatively prosperous roads and towns of Southern England.

The position is, in fact, as stated by Sir William Petty in his " Political Arithmetick " in 1690 :—

> " There is no Trade nor Employment for the People; and yet the Land is under peopled; Taxes have been many and great; Trade in general doth lamentably decay: . . . the Expence of foreign Commodities hath of late been too great; much of our Plate, had it remain'd money, would have better served Trade; too many matters have been regulated by Laws, which Nature, long Custom, and General Consent, ought only to have governed; the Slaughter and Destruction of Men by the late (Civil) Wars have been great . . ."

In a strictly statistical sense, based on attendance at dispensaries, hospitals, and on current death rates, public health is well maintained throughout England. But public health cannot be judged by these standards alone; the psychological effects in the worst areas have yet to be assessed.

I have talked during my journeys, mostly on foot, both on the Tyneside and the Cumberland Coast to many unemployed men of all ages. Few, if any, were politically minded: they were indeed too intelligent to associate any particular party label with economic salvation—an attitude of mind of little more validity than the corresponding tenets in the religious sphere. Some had been

South. Few of them had enjoyed the experience. The people in the South were not as a rule friendly: literally and figuratively they spoke a different tongue. The pay was bad—for men who had to live in lodgings and wanted to send something home. The local girls would seldom walk out with them—a very sore point—the true *mal du pays*. The work was new, and often onerous: on the Kent coalfields the methods were new and strange. They were unwelcome as lodgers, but they had a horror of casual wards and common lodging houses; none of them had ever seen or heard of a municipal hostel, or even one run on decent lines under private enterprise.

Some might have joined the Army or Navy, but it seems never to have been pressed on them at "the Labour" and their mothers often objected. (The influence of women is very great, and is almost invariably against any adventurous course.) For the most part they were acquiescent, first with a dumb fortitude, later with a dull indifference. As the months of idleness passed they sank to and accepted a lower level of existence, unless home influences were strong enough to withstand the strain.

Not all those in regular employment were happy. One youth, a machinist, confided to me his ambition to enlist on his 18th birthday—three months hence, though his mother stood in the way. He was getting 24s. 6d. a week—and paid his mother 16s. He would get 14s. a week in the Army and all found, and send his mother half. He was big enough to enter the Foot Guards; thence he would enter the Metropolitan Police. But his sister who lived at home was just getting married, and if he left home his mother would have to keep house for a lodger or two, and it would break her heart. He had £10 in the Savings Bank, and would give it to her to help to make up the difference: and his sister and married brother would go on helping a bit, but it would not be enough. His brother's employment was with a great firm, but precarious: "they stand a man off if his machine

stops for half a day—competition for contracts is so severe." For himself, he knew that he was almost certain to be thrown out at 21. "After 21 a man begins to earn a gratuity—so they turn them off and take on boys. It's no good complaining—Government does it just the same at Enfield and Woolwich, they say." The work did not suit him: he longed for the hills and open air and he spent week-ends on the Fells in camp. He hated the smell of sperm oil, and the asthmatic coughs of his mates and their fear of open windows filled him with dread. His feelings were those of Lamentations (Chapter III):—

> "He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old. He hath hedged me about, that I cannot get out: he hath made my chain heavy."

But for his dependent mother he would enlist or emigrate, or go on a farm; but filial duty was stronger than ambition. "She has brought us all up—father died when I was two—and I must stand by her."

An older man, unemployed for ten years, sat gazing out to sea with sad eyes. "No ships these days," he said, "coming and going from Workington and Whitehaven to Ireland and the rest. No chance for me though I am only 45, and as strong as the best. I tell you what's wrong with the world: not us—not you—not machines—not the War even—it's the money machine that's gone wrong. Them Americans wrecked it, and them financiers. Kreuger and Hatry and all that lot, with their titled friends and tame professors—they frightened everyone off, and killed all confidence. Put money right and other things will come right." "Cleator Moor and Maryport?" I asked. "Perhaps not them," he said, "they're too far gone. Nothing to hope for there. But if anything is to be done, it must be in a hurry, mister. We're all going downhill hereabouts and there'll be nothing worth saving in a few years. Look at my own boys"—and his voice became deep and stern; "16, 18 and 20. At 16 an errand boy for two years: at 18 the sack and nothing to do. At 20 the same and wants to do nothing."

"The Army?" I queried. "He would come back in four years with no better chance—I offered it him but he wouldn't take it." I argued the case hotly and he promised to look into it again. I took him to the Post Office to get recruiting pamphlets—they had none, but I took his address and posted him some copies. "The happy ones is those that has no wife and no children," he concluded. "Less money but no cares."

Before I left the town I went to the cheapest seats in the cinema. The best seats were empty: the cheapest full. The level of dress poorer than in the South and few cigarettes in evidence: but there was cheerfulness and gaiety—the young women saw to that. Statistically young females are classified as gainfully employed or not, according to their occupation, but sociologically they are almost all "gainfully employed" in keeping themselves and some young men from decay.

What then shall we do to be saved—and to save those in the North who are worse off than ourselves? I hold that the first step should be to restore the cuts in unemployment benefit—at a cost of, say, £5,000,000: the next to increase allowances for children, at a cost of, say, 1¼ millions, to provide milk for school children and to extend to other necessitous areas the provision of meals consisting wholly of local produce at school. These measures are merely palliative, but not less necessary.

The first step should, I suggest, be to initiate large scale migration of the population of specified derelict areas to selected regions, preferably within the county, where industries which might absorb them are in existence or can be set up. It is certain that the population of derelict areas cannot be re-employed where they now are: they may find employment in their new homes.

Secondly, subsistence agriculture should be actively developed: restrictive regulations should be tacitly abandoned, or if need be, openly abrogated. Mill says somewhere that "the disease from which governments suffer and from which they eventually expire is routine—they

perish from the immutability of their maxims." Not only governments but nations may die thus, quietly, without flowers or even a revolution.

Industrial Transference Schemes should be extended and multiplied. Every one qualified to speak praises the work of the Ministry of Labour and its officials in this connection: so far as they have failed, it is because the attempt has been made to transfer individuals, or groups, from Whitehaven, for example, to Kent. The older miners are as hard to move and as attached to their homes as cats. Many Cumberland miners thus transferred walked back from Dover, sooner than remain in strange surroundings, though in many cases they would have done well on the land. The younger men and women are less intractable. It is certain that they cannot be absorbed locally and must be transferred. If a policy of drift is pursued, they will soon be chronic unemployables. There are some 4,000 unemployed males between 18 and 24 years of age in Cumberland, and probably twice as many in Northumberland and Durham. Of these probably 6,000 in all should be transferred: if 100 selected cases could be moved each month southwards, we should see immediate and encouraging results, for boys tend to follow their brothers and friends, particularly if Government will pay their fares.

There is abundance of goodwill in the relatively prosperous parts of Southern England: there is courage and endurance beyond praise in the North. Who will marry them?

The County Councils, elected bodies, pre-occupied with heavy administration work admirably performed, cannot arouse public opinion or initiate new developments. If the National Government have a policy they must look to National figures in each county to give effect to it. Such are the Lord-Lieutenants: they stand, with few exceptions, above party. They could place themselves at the head of organizations that would harness charity, mobilize personal service and sustain

activities which only too often wilt for lack of sunshine. In close co-operation with local bodies they could initiate movements which, once fully launched, could be included within the scope of existing official bodies. There is not much overlapping—the Councils of Social Service and similar organizations have seen to that—but there is in some quarters a lack of enthusiasm, and in others a cruel waste of fine energies. A Lord-Lieutenant's Committee could remedy that.

The cry of the man in the street is for action: he follows Roosevelt's steps with sympathy: he admires Mussolini, and the strident condemnations of Hitler in certain quarters leave him cold. Of all dictators Stalin arouses the least interest—the Russian outlook on humanity is the antithesis of ours. Sir Oswald Mosley has, in N.E. and N.W. England, no following: his policies do not stand examination. But so far as these men—from Roosevelt to Mosley—stand for action they are applauded. Of the present Cabinet, Mr. Walter Elliot alone is associated in the public mind with a desire for and a belief in action. He may be right or he may be wrong, but he has had the courage of his convictions. A thousand public houses and unemployed men's clubs echo the words of Sarpedon to Glaucus in the Iliad (XII—322–328):—

> "For if, escaping from the present combat, we might be for ever undecaying and immortal, neither would I myself fight among the foremost, nor would I urge you on to the glorious battle; but now—for a thousand fates of death stand close to us always, and no mortal can escape or evade them—let us go on."

Blindness over Ireland

1. Mr. De Valera's Propositions

By J. M. N. Jeffries

THERE are those who assert that the continuance of the crisis between Great Britain and the Irish Free State is due to the bad handling of the whole question by Mr. de Valera and Mr. J. H. Thomas. Indeed it must be recognized that as a pair these two are about the last whom any one would choose for negotiating together upon any issue in the world. On the present issue their negotiations have not deserved that name. Mr. de Valera, a sort of spinster mermaid perched amid the rocks of the Irish Sea, at intervals has yodelled in overtones. Our own Imperial Frothblower has thundered commands from the Dominions Office to all good fellows to get together and be happy. Each of the two, blinded by his particular variety of spray, cannot see and is undesirous of seeing into the other's distant mind. Nature never meant two such characters to meet, much less to confabulate.

The differences between the Irish Free State and Great Britain, however, in nowise depend upon the foibles or the defects of individuals. If Mr. McEntee or Mr. Shane T. O'Kelly or Mr. Lemass or any other of the prominent members of the Fianna Fail party were in the Irish premier's position, there is little doubt that he would be contributing to the deadlock with the same intensity, if not perhaps with the same innate accomplishment, as the dark author of Document No. 2.

A good move, then, towards coming to grips with the Irish situation would be for people in Britain to abandon believing or trying to believe, in their notorious see-anything-but-the-view manner, that this dispute is a dispute between a country and a man. Mr. de Valera represents the opinion of his party, for the time dominant in the Free State. Admittedly he has had his share in the making of that party's programme, but from old days his

especial rôle in its ranks has been—in his companions' opinion—that of the most elegant " announcer " of their common doctrine.

Let us on this side of the Channel accept him as such, and as a further act towards sadly needed realism let us cease summoning him to do his duty under the terms of the Treaty. Doubtless occupants of the Government bench must repeat the Government's summons from time to time. Mr. Thomas's personality is at its apex when engaged in such vicarious duties. But for commentators without official liabilities to go on penning proclamations to Dublin, to go on sounding the " Fall In " to the adversary, as they do—what a waste of ink it all is.

It is clear that the members of the Fianna Fail cabinet should have kept the pledges signed by Griffith and by Collins, but they refuse to keep them. No amount of injunction will accomplish anything but to stiffen their minds. So at this stage surely it is more useful to recognize that in the Treaty, at least temporarily, Great Britain is the possessor of a bad debt of honour.

This does not mean accepting a word of the contentions of Mr. de Valera and his friends. Merely as a matter of tactics (which is a military synonym for common sense) it is worth while turning our eyes from what the Irish leader should do to what he offers to do. So far his offers have been waived aside as inconsistent with the Free State's engagements. It is far better at this juncture to examine them with care, since to show them hollow or unworkable is a thousand times preferable to showing them to be irregular. In fact this is the obligatory first step to a settlement. Against Mr. de Valera, too, mentor or mouthpiece of his people, the lethal weapon has ever been analysis of his own words.

As proof of this, and as a substitute for the trumpet-calls to carry out this or that provision of the Treaty, let his argument against its validity be analysed. I confine myself to this, the primary issue between the two countries. The Land Annuities dispute is upon a

secondary issue, which would have been arbitrated but for Mr. de Valera's fallacious ideas upon the Treaty and the status of Ireland. He alleges then, that it is invalid because it was signed by the Irish delegates only to escape "renewal of instant and terrible war," and alleges that the Dail which ratified it voted under the same form of duress, and that its acceptance is therefore unbinding. I may mention, by the by, that I sat through all the ratification sessions of this Dail, where indeed in a minor way I became a sort of anti-mascot for Mr. de Valera, and I aver that he and his followers, had the vote been in their favour, would have declared the Dail to have spoken with the unchallengeable voice of Ireland.

But, to return to the point, whenever any treaty anywhere is drawn up to end a given set of hostilities almost always one of the combatants has had the worst of it in the field and makes the treaty to avoid resumption of war. Therefore Mr. de Valera, who enters his plea upon a point of morals, which must be of universal application, is forced to declare not alone the Anglo-Irish treaty but also any treaty at all concluded under kindred circumstances to be null and void. Very well. It follows by logic which cannot be impugned that it will only be when countries have stale-mated on the battlefield that they will be capable of concluding binding treaties. For solely in this case will neither of the parties have been driven into the compact by fear of conquest!

Furthermore, the question of the validity of civil treaties rises at once. Far more of these are signed to end commercial strife than of those which end the warfare of armies. Mr. de Valera must extend his denunciation of the Anglo-Irish treaty to cover any civil treaties whatsoever in which either of the contracting parties at the outset of the negotiations is in a position to call the tune of them. In every case of the sort the weaker country is forced into the discussions, not because it longs for a treaty but because it fears to lose everything if the other

party's grip is not prevented from turning to a strangle-hold. The position is parallel with that of the Anglo-Irish treaty, item by item, at Mr. de Valera's valuation.

Nor do the unavoidable implications of his doctrine stop here even. How rarely the entire corpus of treaties, or of analogous pacts, covering uncontentious affairs, codifying rights for the general convenience of nations, is free from this taint of an initial bargaining leverage in some one nation's hands. In the unification of the passport system, in the abatement or extension of summer-time, in the fixing of wireless spheres, in what you will, there lurks always some sort of gain for the country which can argue from an established custom or situation. The ensuing parleys accordingly, by this same line of argument, are vitiated from the start by the open or the covert threat of some bully nation that, should agreement not be reached, it will resume, say, its instant and terrible wave-length.

So everything amounts to this, that over the whole world no treaty is to be regarded as binding when any lightest suggestion of prepotence weighs upon its paragraphs. What follows next? Why, Civilization must create yet another international body, composed of men with consciences as open, as sweet-scented and as flawless as flowers, for the purpose of adjudicating upon claims of duress. These will have been invoked at once by new Governments called upon to honour treaties which when in Opposition their members combated or disapproved. Who shall choose this jury? Who shall be recognized unbiased enough to choose the jury's choosers? It is a pretty chaos into which Mr. de Valera proposes to cast the earth.

Of course his argument against this Treaty and against all treaties ever made when thus examined dissolves and blows away into dust. But I wager that he has not yet pursued it himself to its proper conclusions. Nor have its conclusions—and this is of paramount importance—been exposed, to my knowledge, after this particular fashion to the Irish people. In

which regard, let it be pointed out also that, if Mr. de Valera's plea be reduced to the sage scale of family life, its unreason will be made more evident still. In his own western counties, when one of a family has sold produce from a holding and has shaken hands over the deal, let another of the family not accept the sale but appeal to the village in which they dwell. Let him declare that he has held a Socratic assize in his own heart, *more Valeriano*, and that he is satisfied that in the sale of the potatoes or of the foal a price was pocketed by his brother which the latter save for the constraint of their circumstances never of his own free will would have accepted. Let him declare the foal unsold and the potatoes returnable and then listen to what Mayo or Clare has to say about his pretensions.

So much digression upon Mr. de Valera's greater digressions upon the validity of the Treaty. I come to the more important matter of the terms which instead of those of the Treaty he has offered to Great Britain. In Britain they have scarcely been examined. In Ireland, I think I am right in saying, they have been examined or criticized only from the point of view of their effect upon Ireland herself. Mr. Cosgrave and others have detailed various pernicious effects they would have upon Ireland's life. But it has not been the business of the Irish Opposition to indicate the effects upon Britain's body politic of acceptance by her of Fianna Fail's terms. It is unfortunate that these terms have remained thus uninspected. For Mr. de Valera has been able to appear before sections of the public, in Ireland and elsewhere, as one who has volunteered friendship and fellowship to England at the price of the rectification of Ireland's status alone.

He has not always demanded the same rectification. Sometimes it has been the integral, Republican status for which he pleads. Sometimes he offers to Britain amity at the price of the establishment of the status for Ireland which he and his friends crystallized in

"Document No 2" ten years ago. It is this latter vaguely conceived and vaguely planned status which I now beg to examine. It forms a kind of mist which first must be dissipated before the cardinal issue of Kingdom against Republic can be made to stand out clear. In addition, it is upon this same proposal of a friendly Irish state within the British Commonwealth that Mr. de Valera receives and, I think, accepts credit for thwarted benevolence.

What was this proposal? It was that the independent State of Ireland—that is to say, the Irish Republic of which Mr. de Valera considers himself the first President—should "associate herself for matters of common concern with the other associated states of the British Commonwealth and would recognize the King of England as head of that Association of Nations for purposes of that association." I daresay Mr. de Valera thinks this a very sporting offer; certainly it sounds very like football.

However, there is no difficulty in estimating the value of his "association." If it is to be a real offer, if there is to be anything in it, then the association of the Irish Republic with Great Britain and the Dominions must be closer than the association of foreign states with them. If the Irish Republic only offers the relationship of the French Republic, and for this demands a great reward, then the claim is preposterous. Yet that is precisely what Mr. de Valera does offer and does demand on Ireland's behalf. To recognize the King as the head of the British Commonwealth of Nations is what San Marino and Costa Rica, not to speak of France, do every day of the week and have ever done. The King is the head of the British Empire; there is no concession in saying what is evident. Were Ireland a foreign country its Government, like every other government, would have to recognize King George as King of England and of Canada, of Australia and of the other Dominions and Colonies beyond the Seas.

Yet Mr. de Valera in his tabulated scheme for

"association" actually would have had members of the Dail go to the trouble of swearing this recognition. If at any time they care to swear this or to swear, for example, that King Boris is King of Bulgaria, who shall deny them the pleasures of being perspicacious? But I cannot see that Britain will have gained an iota by their affirmation, any more than the Irish Free State would gain anything to-day if some paladin of the House of Commons, such as Mr. Ormsby-Gore (who has always needed an opportunity for being accurate), were to announce that on his honour he recognized that Mr. Eamon de Valera was President of the Free State Executive Council.

I have not forgotten that Mr. de Valera volunteered some other concessions which would not be misnomers. The chief of these was granting (for a term of years to be settled later) of the use of some Irish harbours to the Royal Navy and the maintenance therein of defences in charge of officers and men of the Navy. Various strategic points are thus occupied, of course, by the Navy at the present moment, under clauses of the Treaty. But in offering to continue this practice in the orbit of his own proposals, once more Mr. de Valera and those for whom he stands appear not to have thought the matter out. So long as Ireland remains under the Crown these naval clauses of the Treaty rest an internal affair between Great Britain and Ireland. But should an independent (though associated) republic be established over St. George's Channel—and it is an independent state with "the legislative, executive and judicial authority of Ireland solely derived from the people of Ireland" which the scheme asserted must be established—then the whole situation changes.

The naval clauses between the sovereign States of Great Britain and of Ireland would become of international concern, and Mr. de Valera would find himself in conflict with the laws which govern the conduct of nations. He could not maintain the independent status of Ireland and maintain the armed forces of another Power in her ports

at one and the same time. The proposal in his plan was that, *inter alia*, certain " harbour defences should remain in charge of British care and maintenance parties " for " five years, pending the establishment of Irish coastal defence forces, or for such other period as the Governments of the two countries may later agree upon." This was to be during times of peace. In times of war " such harbour and other naval facilities as the British Government may reasonably require " were to be granted.

Conversely, the Irish Government was to agree not to construct submarines unless by arrangement with the British Commonwealth, and it was to limit its defence forces in accordance with a ratio based upon the populations of Ireland and of Great Britain.

Community in submarines, or else the harbouring for a sufficiently indefinite period (not that the period affects the wrongs and rights of the matter in the least) of British forces, or else again the creation in the future of Irish coastal forces having a contingent military link with those of Britain—any of these three conditions is irreconcilable with the status of an independent country *vis-a-vis* the other countries not belonging to the British Commonwealth. It would be vain for Mr. de Valera to plead that these were only conditions of " association." In the modern spirit, Europe might well reply, " Soccer to yourself !", or in a more dignified manner might quote some Shakespeare to him : " Under which flag, Bezonian? Speak or die !".

There remains the question of the rôle to be accepted by Great Britain under Mr. de Valera's scheme. In return for the association just examined " Ireland is to enjoy all the privileges, rights and status of the component States of the British Commonwealth." Now this is in principle equivalent to the dethronement of the King. Once it is accepted that it is possible to have these rights without giving the King allegiance, in all matters, the Monarchy is made redundant. Fealty to him is no longer the hinge upon which the Commonwealth is suspended as

it is suspended to-day. After all, the Kingship *is* the British Commonwealth. There has been talk concerning the right of its members to secede from the Commonwealth, but relatively this has been academic talk. What is vital is that so long as the member-States adhere to the Commonwealth their populations range themselves not as collaborators but as subjects of the Crown.

This essential stipulation Mr. de Valera lightly proposes should be abolished for the sake of his company at uncertain intervals. No doubt he would protest that he has no designs upon the life of the British Monarchy, that it is only in its relations with Ireland that he would invest it with this superfluous character, and that he does not seek to interfere in its relations with the other States of the Commonwealth. That is the sole reply he can venture, and it is altogether fallacious. A kingdom is one thing and a republic is another : they are incompatible systems of government. An alliance can tie them artificially together, but no one and nothing on earth can mingle their structures in association.

An analogy will make this point clearer perhaps, or rather will elucidate it, since it is self-evident. Mr. de Valera proposed the introduction into the circumference of the British circle of a section of square. This cannot be done, even by the most ingenious of amateur mathematicians. Or is he the most ingenuous ? Does he imagine really, because he would insert the square inlet only at one point, that therefore the character of the whole figure would be unimpaired, that the circumference with a bulge in it would continue to own its shape, that the Australian or Canadian segments remote from the bulge still would belong to a circle ?

Yet it is to this that his fantastic proposals amount. It is of the highest moment that they should be exposed, particularly to the Irish public's sense of fairness, for what they are. From his manner you would think he had asked some mere trifle of Britain and in return had offered her everything. In hard fact he offers to breathe the common

air with her when the wind pleases him, and in requital asks her to take the heart out of her bosom and to go on living. To sum everything up, his Association is worthless from the giver, is deadly to the receiver, in theory is untenable and in practice is offensive to other States.

No such half-measure therefore can be entertained. The Free State must choose either to become a republic or to recognize that it is the King's kingdom. Of late Mr. de Valera may have begun to suspect this himself, for he has ceased to cry so often his Unparalleled Bargain and Sacrifice. He has intoned instead to Mr. Thomas his other anthem for an undiluted republic, and Mr. Thomas has repeated his own antiphon in reply.

Theirs is an empty chorus. Are we never to hear anything different? Surely it is evident that if this ancient quarrel which divides the West is to be settled now or ever, then some new words must be spoken, some fresh ideas exposed. They do not seem to me so far to seek, and in a second article next month I shall endeavour to present some which seem worth consideration.

The Ghost of Mr. Brown

By Ashley Sampson

I

THE house in which I met my end and rose to this ghostly life stands alone in one of those country roads which does not, in these days, escape the occasional rattle and thunder of passing vehicles; but it was some little while after my death before I realized its situation, and then only after building one supposition upon another—gathered from pieces of conversation that I overheard, or from the nature of sounds that came up to me from the day outside; but each day that I lived in the spirit saw another memory from my life in the body sink down and vanish out for ever. At last I was left with nothing to think about but the house which had thus become my tomb. The four walls grew stiff around me, and I slowly realized that I must shape the remainder of my existence to serve those narrow dimensions. The world became nothing to me but a dim sense of something immense and tragic—that was now lost.

After this upheaval a new sensitiveness began to shape in all those parts of me which had been emptied of memory—first a little and then more—until I became a new body of light and radiance and vigour. The new emotion became worn down in time; but it left me exposed to all those spiritual encounters in the same sort of visible way that our bodies are exposed to physical encounters; and I became instantly aware of my complete isolation in the house. The family which inhabited it—whose very name I had forgotten—aroused in me nothing but dislike and fear. I grew to dread the noisy quarrels which they had among themselves, and would hide myself in the old panelled room that was always left empty because of its complete darkness—while doors banged and voices shouted in the house.

Whether anyone ever saw me I do not know; but I came out into the house one day to find they had all gone

away. Possibly my prowlings about at night had been observed—for I seldom left my dark seclusion during the day—and they could no longer inhabit the same house with a ghost! Anyway, the house was as stark and empty as though no voice had ever been raised in it. Boxes, beds, pictures and furniture had all gone in the few days that I had at last left them to themselves; and now I stood like a stone in a graveyard—or, as I was indeed suddenly forced to admit, like a ghost in a haunted house.

As I stood there faintly tasting my liberty for the first time, I felt I had cast off a heavy burden and grew lighter and lighter from the ease of it. My mind reached out into all those parts of the house that were now mine. I need fear no intrusion, but now had entirely to myself the little world into which my whole lot had been cast. There was a sense of supreme triumph in going from room to room without any fear; and, although the house was cold and naked without the familiar shapes and colours, I had never warmed so much to the sight of anything before as room after room showed itself up empty and deserted. When I had made my little round I sat down in the middle of it and took possession. In future the old panelled room should be my retreat instead of being my home. I was as happy and embarrassed as a prisoner suddenly set at liberty.

Before long, however, a vague sense of emptiness stirred me. Some months had passed happily enough; but at last the voices which had once flaked and melted on the air seemed to have moulded themselves into a great and heavy silence that stared at me from every room into which I entered. So long did the house remain empty that every piece of wood was becoming oppressively familiar; and I would spend hours lying on my back in a room upstairs, listening to the occasional calls outside the house, and watching the shadows of passing carriages wheel and plunge over the walls and ceiling.

Spending the time in this way one afternoon I heard the heavy front door bang suddenly downstairs. I sat

up. Two men were talking inside the house, and, much more surprised than afraid, I sat there feeling how the great silence of the house unsealed itself—giving up space after space before the two voices talking downstairs.

"It's not very much to ask," one was saying. "You know I could have got twice that amount for it last year."

The other voice was louder.

"Exactly how long did you say it had been empty?" it demanded.

"About six months."

"H'm."

"I've had two people after it before," the other voice went on. "But they never got as far as looking over it. They heard the story about it, and took fright; but I knew you wouldn't be one to listen to a tale like that—not being married. It was the ladies that began about it both times."

"No," said the other, apparently only half listening. "I shall be here alone." After a pause he resumed: "These walls look damp. Have you kept an eye on the place?"

The other apologized.

"I've been away most of the time; but in a few weeks we shall have had it thoroughly overhauled, and ready for you to come in."

I rose up and stole out to where I could gaze over the bannisters without being seen; but, on hearing their footsteps ascending, I crept back into the panelled room from which dark recess I could observe the main room without being seen. They came on up the stairs, and conversed again before entering the room from which I had just fled. Then the landlord led the way in—a little man with a large moustache. He was completely dwarfed by the overbearing aspect of his companion—a burly individual with a red face, who kept his hat on throughout the tour of inspection—tilted to one side of his head.

He made a careful examination of the room, talking

the while. I wondered whether the large stranger saw me. He looked once or twice straight into the darkness around me, and immediately up to the walls again; but made no remark beyond the observation that the walls upstairs were in a better condition than those downstairs in the hall. Having swept the room, not omitting the threshold of mine, with one more glance, he led the way out and they both descended the stairs. I heard them traversing the rooms underneath and even descend into the cellar—a loud voice expostulating and a quiet one remonstrating, apologizing, and explaining all the while; but I did not emerge until they were up again, and the front door had crashed heavily upon them.

Then I came out of my retreat and sat down with an uneasy mind. The first piece of that big outside world to shoot itself up into my little corner had been in the nature of a disappointment—not to say disillusionment. It was a mild shock to hear it confirmed that I was the cause of keeping the house empty, but I felt that I should be ousted from every corner of it if my large and noisy visitor of the afternoon was to be my companion. The days came and went, however, and no sound broke the heavy silence. For many weeks I awaited my sentence, but, when the silence was at last broken, it was by a very different visitor.

So quietly did he and the landlord come in that they were almost upon me before I fled to my hiding-place. This one was a very kind-looking old gentleman, who trotted about after the landlord, with a large umbrella poking about in corners, and looking out over a large pair of pince-nez spectacles; but he made no remarks about the house, and did not once look rudely in my direction. His manner was a little flurried, but not at all undignified; and the thought of his presence in a house that had grown so desolate for me already warmed it into quite a glow of expectation which retained its heat for a long while after he had gone.

Then another long wait wedged its way into my life

before any other sound broke the stony silence that once more sealed the house around like a tomb. At last the hope which had begun to clamour in me on my first acquaintance with loneliness dissipated into a kind of despair, and I resolved to set my face to another winter alone in the house with a stigma upon it—the stigma of my own unwilling presence. It might have been so much better if I had gone out like an extinguished candle instead of lighting a whole forest of desolation with my single glow; but just as that dark thought filled my whole being with resentment at my bad fortune, the change began. The house was taken at the turn of the year—bought outright by a young married couple who would live there with the young woman's old mother.

II

With a mingled sensation of high hope and deep foreboding I withdrew to the panelled room to make it my home once again, and shut myself out of the house. Only when I had observed the new inmates from that safe seclusion would I venture into the open again; but they were so quiet that, once the racket of moving in had subsided, the house seemed to have been completely evacuated once more. Only from time to time I caught glimpses of new furniture and bright colours from my place of hiding, and a light would burn clearly in the house all through the evening. There was sometimes an occasional knocking of footsteps; and once, when some talking had died away, I came out and prowled about. It was then that I discovered that the old lady herself never went out. When the young couple went out for an evening she would sit at her work in the drawing-room while the maids were shut away in the kitchen downstairs.

At this discovery I became bolder, and would venture about the house quite freely when she was left upstairs alone. Once I stole up to the drawing-room and took a long look through the keyhole where I could see her working in the warmth of her supposed privacy. Night

after night I would steal up and watch her there—mending and chopping and piecing together in her chair before the fire; and once, while I watched her, a whole world of possibility opened up before me. Why should I not show myself to this surely very lovable old lady? I stood there trembling with excitement upon the brink of what was the whole world to me; but soon I went softly away. I would not again risk emptying the house, and arousing the suspicion of the whole neighbourhood.

The thought, however, would never evade me, but came out and faced me whenever I watched her. One night I allowed my mind to dwell for a longer time than usual upon my great hunger for companionship until it suddenly overpowered me. Pushing the last warning aside that would grab at me, I resolved to make myself known to her. My panelled abode seemed such a cold retreat by comparison with this cosy room with its snug furniture and warm fire. Even the steady " chop—chop —chop " of the scissors and the sighs of the little lady in the room cast a hypnotic spell about me, and I just let the last caution slip from me. In another instant I was in her presence and sat down in the opposite corner of the room to where she was working.

I do not know whether I was glad or disappointed when the evening closed before she once looked up in my direction. I had no further misgivings once I had sat down, but just remained there in a kind of exultation—drinking in the delicious warmth and comfort of the home of which I had suddenly become a part. Everything combined to give me a welcome from the new colours that were everywhere over the furniture to the clock that chuckled so knowingly at me from the mantelpiece, and I remained there in a drowsy contentment until I heard the tread of a maid on the stair, who was coming to fetch her mistress to bed. Then I turned and quietly withdrew to my room.

That week she was left alone in the house on three consecutive nights, and I took up my position in the

opposite corner to her on each occasion, and watched her through those evenings. Towards the close of the third evening she suddenly looked up and saw me. I can safely say that this shock came in the moment that I least expected it. I had allowed my mind to sink quietly down into a coma produced by the warmth of the atmosphere, and thoughts were beginning to tumble through my head. I had been mentally roaming over various events of the earlier part of the day, and now those events were becoming shapeless and confused. An easy sensation of forgetfulness had begun to invade me when suddenly I was wide awake with all these emotions quivering deliciously at the surface. For some while we stared at each other, and she reached out her hand for the stick which she would thump when she wanted her maid; but, before she had used it, she put it quietly back and remained gazing at me. Then she spoke.

"You!" she said, without any sign of fear. "So you've come at last!"

It was like a resurrection for me to sit there and be addressed by somebody at last. The fact that I really had been addressed by a human being sank slowly into my brain; and the knowledge that I was the cause of no fear was as good an opening as I could want. Presently she resumed her work, but now she would look up to me from time to time; and she only started when, later in the evening, a great piece of coal fell crashing like an avalanche into the grate. Then I heard her deliberately chuckling at her own folly as she helped it back into the fire.

That night I was to hear all that had been said about me during the years in which I had inhabited the house. When the young ones came home I withdrew and heard the whole story from my own part of the house. The woman came straight up into the drawing-room, and, from the chiming of glasses and banging of cupboard doors that rose up from the dining-room, I surmised that her husband was busy downstairs.

"Ronny," she called down to him, after a brief and excited conversation, "mother's seen the ghost."

"Nonsense—where?"

The noise suddenly ceased downstairs, and the pleasant voice came out into the hall.

"Up here in the drawing-room."

"What?"

"She saw it while we were out."

"Wait one moment," called up the voice, receding once more. "I'm bringing up the tray. Then we'll hear all about it."

So they heard all about it—at least, all there remained to tell. From a nebulous something about whom few people had heard and nobody had ever seen, I had suddenly assumed the dimensions of a personage—one who could be seen and quite possibly heard—apparently sensible, and quite obviously benevolent. Nobody enlarged upon the possibility of a heart or a memory being among the functions with which I was suddenly endowed; but it was something to know that I was the cause of no fear, and that I was obviously expected to show myself again.

This I did whenever I was left with the old mother alone; and so much did I enjoy the evenings spent in her presence, that those in which the young couple stayed at home went like days without sunshine in my life. For the whole of my day soon became compressed into the little bit that wedged its way in between daylight and bedtime. Into that small compass of time was compressed, all the glory and light and warmth of a full day's round; and I drank from that cup happily enough without asking for more. My first taste of human companionship, after so many months of empty bitterness, opened up a new vista which held for me infinite possibilities, but I would drain this one to the dregs before breaking into any other.

Then it was suddenly shattered. The old lady was taken fatally ill and died. The house seemed suddenly

enormous and dark as a great stone vault, while people talked in whispers; and for three days there seemed no light in it whatever. People whom I had never seen before, and whom I would never see again, came and went. They were always taken up to the room where the body was lying—were shut in for a time, and generally emerged weeping. I crept back to my panelled room and cried softly to myself. There I could hide from the house my own share of bitter grief, and face alone the empty days that now awaited me. When her presence had been so suddenly withdrawn I realized for the first time what this attractive old lady had meant to us all; and I could only wish her soul a happier rest than mine, and thank her for the fragrant memory she left behind her like a beautiful aroma.

III.

There was little to rouse me from the cold isolation into which I sank once more after this. I heard bumpings and noises in the house that told me of days coming and going; but one day had grown just like another in that retreat, and the glow had gone from them all. Time hung heavily for some weeks, until I resolved to venture out once more. That night a hunger had awakened in me like the first emptiness that stirred me into action when I had stood trembling with excitement at the drawing-room keyhole. So I suddenly left my dark place of seclusion, and passed out into the house in the middle of a beautiful spring night.

Then I stood stock still at the head of the dark stairs. A new sound had arisen suddenly out of the night—clamoured for a moment, and then died down again. There it was again—like water in a desert. It lapped the darkness as lightning—plunging it into utter blackness for a moment afterwards—until one by one the stars, and sizes, and shapes of the night appear in their proportion once more. So now my ear had been suddenly caught in amazement, and all my senses went numb for a moment—after which my thoughts came slowly back

into all those places out of which they had vanished, and I stood there knowing all the hopes and ecstasies and agonies that little voice had suddenly awakened in me.

A movement from the young mother's room sent me back to my own, and there I remained while all these emotions sank down and resolved themselves into one mighty hunger. Now the years that gave themselves up to my plans would involve me in a ceaseless action, and I was already forming a scheme in my mind. That child was to be the object of my protection, and the fruit of my spiritual cultivation. As a spirit I knew that it must soon become the concentrated centre of all those malignant forces that would gather and mature in the atmosphere, and as a spirit I knew how to combat their influence. This would be my splendid if terrible task of the future, and I should be able to watch the beautiful soul emerge unhampered and unsoiled in its growth; but when should I have a glimpse of the child? As the days wore on I felt that it could not be much longer before the good mother would leave her room.

During the wait, I gathered from the excited bits of conversation which flashed about the house that the child was a girl, and that her name was to be "Jean." That was a name I took to my heart at once, and there let it grow with all the thoughts and aspirations which preserved me during that long wait. At last a nurse came and stayed in the house—relieving the mother of some of her burden. There was but a short time from that to the day when the mother left her room; and one afternoon, when the nurse had descended for her own tea, I saw my chance and made for the nursery that was bathed in its own quiet twilight.

The days were still cold; and, as I entered, I saw that a fire flapped half-heartedly on one side of the room on which a kettle was lazily boiling. The remainder of the room lay back in shadow; but the little white cot appeared all the fairer for this contrast. I stole up to it

and peeped into the enclosure. There I remained for some while in a quiet exultation while the beauty of the whole scene emptied itself into my longing gaze. The child slept in its shell like a young bud in a leafy frond of sheets and pillow. With a yearning that was at once an aching and an ecstasy, I hung upon the strange oblivion which held it in a trance from all the delights and troubles that waited for it in the world outside. When I had taken my fill in a last sigh, I ran back to my room—singing in every pore.

From that day my intimacy with the child never waned, but grew as she grew—until my whole life became merged in hers, and I knew no thought or wish that did not compass or reflect her. She amply fulfilled the promise of her infancy and burst into a lovely girlhood in which she held at her core the sensitive soul which had flowered unharmed from triumph to triumph. In her happy schooldays she would bring back other children with her to the house—girls of her own age and little boys too—who would make it echo with their laughter and their games. Often I would run out to the top of the stairs where their peals of joy came up to me—noises that would send me back to bound about my own room for sheer joy at the echoes they awoke in the house.

One day, when the whole house was rocking with their games, I suddenly shut myself up in my room with a heart that was thumping wildly at a new thought now trembling on the threshold of my life. What a whelm of excitement this thought aroused! Why should I not join in their play? There were so many ways in which I could make myself felt without being known to them. I could touch and dodge and hide from them. So with all these thoughts suddenly resolved into action—I gave a last bound from my room, and covered the stairs between us in a flash.

Then began a game that was strange enough for me, and was probably the strangest in which they had ever taken a part. I was before them, and behind them, and beside them—almost at the same moment. Always

just out of their sight I bounded about—from door to window, and from window to stair—touching and dodging and jumping away. Presently they gathered and asked one another how there was always one more playing than they could account for; and, counting again, set off once more with me all about them. Soon their peals of wonder and delicious fright woke echoes in hall and passages again, while I would always be seeking out Jean—the liveliest and loveliest of them all.

Soon she dashed off to ask her mother a question that should pacify the others. Yes—it was perfectly true. There *was* a ghost in the house; but a nice ghost—a friendly ghost. Her grandmother had often seen him during the last days of her life. The others were thrilled almost into silence by this astounding piece of news, and presently went home—weary but immensely excited. So I went up to my room again and wondered, with a beating heart, where all this was going to lead me. For some time after this letters were left all over the house for me—letters from all the children but Jean. She seemed to realize already that we belonged to each other in a special way, and I doubt not that she was the envy of every little visitor who came to the house—the young lady who actually knew a ghost.

The years went—taking with them children by handfuls. Time seemed to be lopping off great slices of laughter and glad noise from the house; but Jean remained always radiantly happy. The girl in her never seemed to die—though her body slipped out of its immaturity, and developed into the full bloom of womanhood—the blossom now burst, and the body ready for marriage and motherhood. So gradually was the change wrought that she stood in the final beauty of her womanhood almost before I realized my loss; but the truth suddenly burst on me that I should no longer creep into her room when sleep was upon her—tuck the clothes in, and fold the sheet more carefully over her. That day had gone for both of us.

IV

Now she was to complete her education on the Continent. I heard the news with a failing heart—for the lamp of my life would go out when she was parted from the house; and so, indeed, it seemed. As those weary winter months rusted away in my heart, I nearly pined myself into nothing while her parents read and rode and sang and danced away the time. From my own dark corner of the house I watched the days go by, and felt each morning that I had leapt a world nearer to the day that would bring us together again. Then only a few more days were left to run out, and at last there was a joyful reunion in the house.

At once our lives became merged into the web of the household—she the door by which I made my entrance into the lives of the others. There was now nobody in the house who did not see me from time to time, and I made no endeavour to hide myself from anybody. These formed some of the happiest days that I have ever spent—days when she would live in two worlds—one outside the house, and one within—and would never allow the two to mingle, but would always keep the larger share for us. As she had once brought me her toys to mend, so now she would being me her new clothes to view, her letters to read, and her own paintings to approve with a smile.

Sometimes she would leave these pictures with me in the hope that I could enlarge upon them or improve them for her; but painting was a forgotten art to me. I would sit before them alone—vaguely poring over them with faint stirrings in me as though from a world which had become a closed door to me—vainly trying to push the lid of memory up, or pierce the darkness that walled my brain around, but to no avail. Nothing responded but a deep and dim sense of all that was shut up in the forgotten past—a sense of beauties moving in a chaos that could never again be reviewed in its separate parts. So I would hand her back the pictures as one who has nothing but approval for them.

Then at night, where I dwelt alone in my panelled room, I would sound other emotions that would sometimes well up out of unconsciousness—perhaps the dregs of those passions that only slept from a former life—waiting to be roused into action. At first there was nothing but a feeling of disharmony in the soul, that was set in motion by the thought of Jean—by the thought of her body so often close to me—for she was beautifully unselfconscious in my presence, and would sometimes appear before me only half draped; but this uneasy sense of disharmony soon moulded itself into a positive idea of her, and I would suddenly think of her body as asleep in the house—so close to me now. I would suddenly remember that she was a woman, and that I retained in me all that pleasure and pain of loving as a man.

During the day these longings would melt into other thoughts; but now I was often overpowered by the sense of her beauty, and the call of her body was growing stronger and stronger. I had seldom touched her, and never embraced her, but the sense of loss and desire that these thoughts roused in me put my caution to flight. I dwelt long upon the thought of her rosy flesh, and let my memory rove lightly over her separate limbs, and taste once more the fresh odour of her warm body. A new hunger in me began to answer the cry that seemed to come to me from that body sleeping in the house, and I rose up to follow the voice that was calling me.

Outside my room the night was still and silent but for the whispering clocks downstairs. I paused and listened for a sound from the emptiness around, but nothing came back to me—nothing but the persistent appeal that brought me at last to her bedside. I saw that she was not asleep. After closing the door softly I came and stood beside her with a sudden surge of tenderness through me that longed to take her—glowing and radiant into my arms—where she must submit to all the ardent impulses that raced in me to their fulfilment.

My eyes must have been shining from the desire that swam in me, and my whole being glowing in response to hers, for, as I bent towards her, she suddenly drew back.

"Don't," she half cried. "You mustn't."

Something in me still feebly tried to beat me back—that part of me that still saw in her the child of earlier days—but its voice was becoming weaker and weaker as I persisted. The sight of her beauty was growing upon me as one after another her bodily contours stole into my senses. They responded to her beauty with an infinity of tenderness and longing that desired nothing else. I caught her in a wild embrace, and besieged her with tender kisses, while all the while her voice kept floating about me: "No—you can't—not like that—please—you mustn't."

Nothing disturbed the whelm of my bliss now. She had suddenly given over the struggle, and lay passive in my arms, but her voice cried piteously.

"Please," it startled me. "You mustn't do that."

Then I remembered nothing but that she had been a child, and was now crying for help. All the base sensuality in me vanished, leaving me in a glow of tenderness. For one moment I had known the supreme satisfaction of all that was meant by love, but it had hurt her, and now I knew no other emotion than that of a tenderness which would drive away her fear. A reaction had set in, and she was crying weakly in my arms. So I released her, and, kneeling by her bedside, strove to comfort her. There I awaited her forgiveness.

She quickly cheered again—as a child would cheer after the hurt had been kissed—and I found myself wiping the tears away from her as I would so many years ago, when she had fallen down and hurt herself; but, though I knew I had her confidence again, I knew no less surely that I must always be haunted by the beauties of her body. I had laboured to keep her spirit the spirit of a child, and my work had been only too

amply rewarded; but over her body I had no power. It had matured—leaving the spirit behind—matured into its natural appeal, and into my reawakening sense that appeal had struck fatally deep.

"Good night," she cried, when I had tucked her in. "And do you love me still?"

I kissed her forehead gently and withdrew, her eyes and lips and breasts all forming into one huge desire that must remain with me as long as memory lasted. Outside her room the night was still unbroken in the house. It yawned like a chasm that would swallow me into its emptiness, and I paused for a moment as though I could hardly step back into my separate cavity. It was so horribly small and dark. Then I went in, and there endeavoured to shut out the love that would grow in me, and might one day bring ruin on us both; but, during the days which followed, it lured me back into the same state of disharmony again and again, until I wondered whether some vengeance from my life on earth was scourging me with goads of expiation.

Sometimes I could stifle a part of this starved love by indulging its protective side. This was done by keeping watch over her while she read or played—keeping always at bay those stray forces that even now, from time to time, would seek access to her soul. I was aware that in doing this her soul slipped yet farther behind her body, but I just could not sit dumbly there and do nothing to help her while the enemy invaded. Perhaps even now some malignant power lurked in a corner of the house—awaiting its chance; but, if so, it would have some difficulty in evading my watchful guard. Even though much of her time was spent out of my sight, there was never a day in which I did not see her soul shining as clear as crystal.

Perhaps the happiest time of those days came in the evenings when I would sit before her while she would transform herself for the night. I would have sat quite contentedly through whole days like this, drinking in

the delicate form that changed its garments so unself-consciously before my gaze. Sometimes her father or mother would come into the room to make some plan for the evening, and they, good people, would never fail to cast a smile in my direction before going out again—a smile that guessed nothing of the hunger that was in my heart; and at other times Jean would place some piece of her work—sewing or painting—into my hands, to peruse while she was dressing; and would look back, from time to time, to meet my approving smile.

After a short while I began to notice a change in her habits that at first caused a certain uneasiness, but, as the change began to enlarge itself, my uneasiness developed into anxiety. Her times of absence from the house had never been frequent or of long duration before, but now her days with us began to diminish in number by whole leaps, and my mind began to assume a perplexity that was a vain endeavour to hide from myself the probable cause of her strange behaviour. So entirely had our lives melted into each other, from the time of her infancy, that the briefest parting seemed to slice her life from me in a way that took half mine with it; but far worse than even this sense of deprivation was the cause which underlay her conduct. Then it all came out, with a cruel suddenness, as I overheard a conversation between her father and mother in the room that faced my retreat.

"We don't see much of Jean these days," he began as he found her there one morning.

She waved a letter in her hand.

"Never mind," she said, importantly. "We shall see enough of her now, and of him, too."

"Leonard?"

She nodded.

"They're both coming down for a short time."

He chuckled and rubbed his hands.

"So it's panned out that way," he said. "Well, I thought it would, and—I'm more than glad, my dear."

They kissed each other and passed out of my hearing. I scarcely heard the voices about the house, and the noise of preparation that began to awaken, but sat dumbly facing my own misery within the bare walls of my dark prison, and felt that those walls would strike into my very heart. One by one the defences which I had built for Jean—by which I had forged our lives into a spiritual unity that would admit no separation—lost their substance, and just fell away as the useless imageries they had suddenly become. It was her body that had outwitted her soul at every turn, and had broken the spell which I had cast about her. I had won her soul but lost her body, and the man who won her body would never be allowed to step into her soul.

A new battle was going to be waged in this house—not between two opposing spiritual powers, but between two men for the possession of one woman—the old battle of the sexes which had raged from the beginning of the world, and was the cause of half its miseries. A room might be prepared for Leonard in this house, but a defeat was being prepared for him in the depth of my soul. He could come into the house and be entertained as the guest of honour, but all the while that defeat would be building up. He might remain in the house as Jean's lover, but he was going out—if he went out at all—shattered. The fight would be a fair one, but he should know against whom he was matched. This final resolve left me shaking with anger, and I continued to revile until the hot, angry tears brought a measure of relief. There I sat in the pool of my own misery until the house outside was as dark as the thought in my soul; and that night Leonard came into it.

V

Although I did nothing during his stay to arouse any suspicion that I was moulding a plot, my deep humiliation at his presence prevented me from showing myself in the house very often. I had no personal

grudge against the young man, and was already disarmed by the very fact that he took no exception to my presence in the house, but was rather intrigued than otherwise by the flavour of romance with which I coloured the atmosphere. After a while this began to annoy me, and the fact that I aroused no fear in him drove me to work underground—which had not been my original intention.

Moreover, I never allowed myself to contemplate the possibility of any harm coming to Jean by my act. I never doubted that, once he was out of the way, she would come back to me; but I refused to let myself dwell upon the thought that she would be hurt by her lover's defeat. Her callousness left a deep mark upon my soul, and, though I managed to hide the wounds that she would inflict on me from time to time, that hurt would sometimes ache intolerably as I watched her behaviour with Leonard. On his first morning in the house she began shouting about for me until I came into the drawing-room, where I was suddenly confronted by them both.

"Here you are, Leonard," she exclaimed, excitedly. "Here's my ghost. Now you've seen him at last."

It was too late for me to withdraw now without being openly hostile, and the young man rose from his chair.

"Good morning," he said, with a grave bow, and then looked at Jean.

She began to arrange some flowers, and said "You'll often see him here. He's been like an uncle to me all my life; but, of course, he can never leave the house."

Then she turned to me.

"You've guessed who this is," she said. "Now you'll have to give us your blessing."

I turned to Leonard with a mild gesture of benevolence.

"Thank you," he said. "I hope we shall often meet."

Not wishing to prolong this painful meeting I bowed

flatly and withdrew, and kept very much in the background during the remainder of his stay; but I never allowed him to escape me altogether, and kept a watch upon his movements—noting all his habits with an interest that slowly mounted into a blank hostility. Those thoughts which had once harped unceasingly upon Jean now moulded themselves into one great purpose—the achievement of her lover's downfall, and, as the time for his departure came within sight, I found that the whole problem was rounded and resolved in my own mind. I must confess that the full horror of it did not then burst upon me. This was partly because I had blinded myself to all the issues involved; and partly, I think, because I came up to the solution itself by a series of stages.

At first I resolved that we must be alone—he and I alone in the house—gaze to gaze. No words would be wanted and no cry would be heeded. It should all be over too soon for either. We were equally matched in size; but I am immensely powerful, though probably in no good trim. My desperate situation, however, was already driving me to a deed of unspeakable horror, and the same despair would probably lend me nerve and skill for the final act. That, however, was only half the battle, and I spent the grim days of waiting and watching with increasing confidence and purpose.

Some rough calculations completed the task, and brought the time of its execution to a head. During his stay the house would occasionally be emptied of all but himself, and I suddenly remembered that only one more such day remained during his visit. On that day he would be at my mercy. So I waited, calm and resolved—empty of all emotion at last—and as cold as a stone, until that day dawned. It broke calm and fine with none of that glowering atmosphere that should have heralded a storm. The house was gay with flowers that afternoon, and bathed in a golden sunshine, into which I emerged from my darkness when everybody else had driven away, and we two were alone at last.

I encountered him much sooner than I had expected —at the head of the stairs. Some strange light in my eye may have warned him, or the truth of his peril may have suddenly burst upon him, for he stood dead still on the other side of the opening with a sudden menace in his attitude. For a few moments we faced each other in a stillness that was pounded by the beating of our hearts —a stillness that would only be broken by a cry, a brief scuffle, a sickening thud, and then a body falling from stair to stair—and one heart stopped while nothing but a great silence closed in around the scene as that last desperate cry sank out of the air like smoke.

I fled back to my room, feeling that I had cast that body over a precipice, and, in a state of hideous revulsion, I dropped on to the floor. I felt that these arms could never have done it—that my legs had never kicked him over the stairs, or these hands broken his neck. Only my ears had heard that sudden little cry, and it seemed as though the voice would never go out of my head; but as I sat there amid all this welter of emotion, I began to go back through the whole monstrosity again—to see it with my own eyes for the first time. I felt the muscles breaking—saw how he heaved from the ground when I kicked him—watched him make one piteous grab for the bannister—knew how I knocked him from one disadvantage to another, and then threw him defenceless over the stairs.

Then that cry went up—suddenly terrifying and animal—as though all creation were merged in its helpless appeal. I beat my heart in an agony. Now that I had broken the seal which had numbed me I writhed through all the agonies of a great thaw. Love, hatred, jealousy and desire had all congealed into one great statue of purpose. Now they all flowed up into consciousness, and there they moulded themselves into one immense gargoyle of remorse. I hated myself, my love, and the hungry craving for another's love which had beguiled me into an ugly murder. Now I could only

let all this aching resolve itself into a pang that must be my heavy punishment as long as memory lasts.

I did not venture into the house again until I knew, from sounds that came back to me, that another change had been wrought. Months elapsed during which I lost all sense of time, and just let my mind rove back over those innocent days of Jean's childhood that even now cast their spell about me—days that were spent in a halo of painless love before the fires of passion had been aroused. Sometimes great tears would drop from me—hot and clear as those of a child—but I would dash them from me, and remember that it is not in such a way that one pays for the folly and lust of a greedy nature. I would learn to bear my loneliness as a punishment.

The Cultures of Peoples or the Culture of "Humanity"?

By Wilhelm Stapel. (*Translated by Brian Lunn.*)

IT is an article of faith with all advanced persons that there is a "civilized humanity" as distinguished from "uncivilized humanity." Since the French Revolution "civilized humanity" has become the surrogate for the Christian Church. The Church had disintegrated into numerous churches and sects; but civilization welded the peoples together again in a new kind of unity. For the civilized the world conscience has come to take the place of the voice of God; instead of calling upon God, they appeal to the world conscience. The sessions of the League of Nations are the mystery cult of "civilized humanity." The great temple at Geneva, erected to the goddess of civilization, who is the daughter of the primeval goddess of reason, is nearing completion. Once again the Germans are heathens and heretics, for they do not worship nor offer sacrifice at the shrine of civilization. Therefore the adherents of civilization hold that the Germans are lost to the devil and unreason, and that Germany is a hell of barbarism.

It may be noted incidentally that the Christian God is a man, whilst the objects of the worship of civilized humanity, *la Raison et la civilization*, are of the female sex. This explains much.

But what are we to understand by the civilization of humanity? There is certainly a technical, an economic civilization. Wherever it prevails there are banks and bills of exchange, and articles of export, there are steamships and railroads, motor cars, aeroplanes, hotels, stores, bananas, cigarettes, newspapers, loud speakers, electric light, universities, chemistry, modern dentistry, Nobel prizemen, showplaces, historic sites, gratuities. But all these are dissociated from blood and the soil. If the North Pole and the Gobi desert should be occupied by civilized persons, the civilization in both places would

seem alike. The same coffee would be taken at both places in an air-conditioned vita-glass sun-lounge. There would be just the same buckets with baby palms, and the same tomato soup for dinner. Even the talk at the Pole and in the desert would be the same—Hitler, of course: "Oh, very interesting. Have you heard of him? I've seen him." "Eh bien, mais la sècurité . . ."

But palm trees have a *home*. And Hitler has a *people*. Palms do not merely occur in the international realm of civilization, their real life is elsewhere. Under the palm trees there flows a living fountain, and under their branches the herd of the elephants finds shade. In a great city a dying man gets himself carried to the polls to record his vote for Hitler, and under Hitler's window a people sings: "Now praise we all our God with heart and hands and voices . . ."

Thus we lead a double life. But there must be a connection between the two. Where is it?

II

Is there not for the whole of the human race a common realm of the arts and the sciences? Is there not a Pantheon of the human race in which Plato and Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe, Beethoven, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon are ranged majestically on marble thrones, and indeed Buddha, Jesus, Mahomet, Luther —as "religious geniuses"? And, of course, the Nobel prizemen. Are not the walls of this Pantheon resplendant with representations of the great events of "world history"—the Persian wars, the Crucifixion, the murder of Cæsar, the discovery of America, the French Revolution, Napoleon on the ashes of Moscow? All painted by Piloty. Is not this Pantheon the common possession of the whole civilized world?" Is it not the temple in which the school children of all peoples learn to understand the dignity of being members of the human race?

But Plato philosophized for the Greeks, not for the barbarians. Moses brought the law to the people of Israel, not to the heathen. Aquinas wrote for the Christians, not for the Mahometans. The music which Beethoven gave forth was German music, not Chinese. Each of these great men lived and created for *his* people, for the people amongst whom he had his home. It was not until the nineteenth century that a convention came to prevail amongst the educated of Europe, that certain men and ideas and events were of "universal significance." It remained an open question indeed which of these concerned the whole world, and which did not.

The most remarkable thing about this convention is that very few persons—perhaps none—have real knowledge of the men and events which are officially recognized as having world importance. What Frenchman, who regards Corneille as a great poet, can find much meaning in Goethe's Faust? Even supposing that he reads Goethe, and is not content to have heard or read something about the existence of that work. And what German is not at sea with Corneille. But even he who knows the persons and events which are recognized as appertaining to "world history," "world literature," and "world art," usually knows them only through translations and reproductions, and other processes in which the essence of the work and its creator are lost.

Petrol engines, bananas, and newspapers are certainly tangible things of "the human race." But Homer, Goethe, Cæsar and the rest are only bleak dates, which the "general consciousness of humanity has derived from its school-books. They are pale and remote from life. They have no vital effectiveness. The "culture of the human race" is a fiction.

There are exceptions. There is, for instance, the German people's understanding of Shakespeare. But the essential thing here is understanding which passes from people to people, not "common possession." With "humanity" it has nothing to do.

If there were a common human consciousness and a common human culture apart from the common civilization, technical, economic and social—as there is a culture and a consciousness of peoples—works should proceed from humanity, as they do from a people, works which concern the *whole* of civilized humanity in the same way.

An attempt has been made to create a general human culture of this kind in literature as well as in architecture and in the plastic arts. Just as the Swiss can say the same thing in three languages—such things at any rate as can be said in the same way in three languages—so novels and so forth have been written for "humanity," and this has been done "in all the languages of culture." The purveyors of this human race culture have almost always been Jews. And the language which they have used as the basic language—for they need some language in which first to speak their works into the dictaphone—has always been German. The typescript has been immediately translated into a dozen "languages of culture." Thus Lion Feuchtwanger; thus Emil Ludwig. Many other writers could have done the same, and many will do the same in the future. Why should not a world culture industry come into being? Everything comes into being for which there is a demand.

But Goethe could never have written a poem, nor Moliére a comedy, nor Kant a critique of pure reason on this scheme. What can thus be expressed with approximate similarity in twelve languages simultaneously are only definite, general and banal thoughts, sensations, emotions, desires, and then only in the languages of European origin. If we include the negro tongues, the range is still further limited. Such a world or humanity culture bears the same relation to poetic literature as does Esperanto to an adult, historic language. Any attempt of this sort cannot possibly aim above a certain level, the entertainment level of international society. At best a certain taste may be achieved at these heights or depths, but never real greatness or passion, never any

revelation from the depths. This world culture is confined to the level of social entertainment and the world market.

III

There is the international world of technical invention and economics, and the society pertaining thereto—we may call it civilized humanity, but not as contrasted with the rest of humanity. It is a current phenomenon of life on this earth. But this civilized humanity cannot live of its own resources. It pre-supposes the existence of an original life in the people and the home, as the city pre-supposes the existence of the peasant, and culture the existence of nature. Moreover, it has no powers of development in itself; it cannot rise above its own lowest common denominator.

Therefore we need not disturb ourselves about the culture of humanity, about international civilization. But it is indeed our concern to see that that from which it derives is preserved—the cultures of peoples, whose growth is determined not by a common average, but only by their inherent strength and power.

He who perceives that international civilization is replaceable, while a people's culture is unique, will respect not only the culture of his own people, but also that of any other people with whom he has contact, and will delight in them. Even if it be the culture of Negroes or Indians, for these too are original and unique. They cannot be manufactured as international novels of entertainment or expressionist pictures are manufactured, items on bills of lading Berlin-New York or Paris-San Francisco. The artificial International of an omnimundian society subsists only parasitically upon the vigour of the genuine culture of peoples. But he who has his being in the strength and fullness of a people's culture, surveys the cultures of the people about him with a lively pleasure in the world which God has created.

The Northern Lights

By Elizabeth Belloc

FOR what far feasting
Those fires are lighted
In fields of heaven
I do not know.
When the green flares leap
In the dark skies' depths
Are the gods delighted
To see them so?

The long lights curve
Like a wave advancing,
A green wave breaking
That floods the sky.
In their northern palace
So bright and high
Are the young gods feasting
With song and dancing?

The lights go forward
In great procession
Like banners borne
In an ancient story,
Trooping, turning,
With silver streamers
And torches burning,
Till the Plough is a-wash
And the Pole Star drowned
In a flood of glory.

In a fire and a flood
That the dark woods fear not
The dancers step
To a tune I hear not,
And their hair streams after
A blaze unfurled.
In a northern fastness
Beyond the world
Are the wild gods feasting
With song and laughter?

The Afridi as I knew him

By Bilali

ANYONE who has been to Scotland can visualize the North-West Frontier. Look up at the grim skyline of the Highlands from the Lowlands. Stirling is Peshawar, the Sma Glen is the Khyber Pass, and the broken ground at the foot of the mountains is the Khajuri Plain, over which the Afridi lashkar has been at large. Nor does the parallel end there. Two hundred years ago, the wild Highlander came raiding down to the fat Lowlands, even as the Afridi or Pathan does now, and for the same reason—hunger.

A witty Frenchman, on being asked how far the civilized nations had progressed from savagery, replied "About three meals."

The Afridi is possibly only one scanty meal from a savage, and it takes little to start him on an adventure in the plains. Like all mountaineers he is a hardy, adventurous soul who loves a scrap for its own sake, and if he has a good reason, he is somewhat hasty in starting on the adventure and rather inconsiderate of others in his methods. It is probable that hunger is the principal motive for his raids—hunger for food, hunger for cattle, hunger for women, hunger for the wealth accumulated by sleek Hindus in the Cities of the Plain. But he has another strong motive which breaks out at intervals like the smouldering fires of a volcano—religious fanaticism. The Afridi is a staunch Mohammedan with a whole-hearted hatred and contempt for the Hindu. As regards the Sahibs—they are Christians, which is doubtless very sad, as they are likeable folk and should not have fallen into such grievous error! Jews and Christians are "People of the Book" and not entirely outside the pale; but as for Hindus . . .

So when the hoarse cry of the fanatic arises, the great adventure takes on a cloak of religious sanction which lends a frenzied fervour to the whole affair. In addition

to the loot and women, there will be the satisfaction of sending many infidels to hell, while some of the Faithful will go to Paradise.

But there is still another and more dangerous motive. The Afridi has seen many invasions of India pass through his wild no-man's-land. He has seen Empires in India rise and fall. The great Akbar himself died, and was succeeded by weaklings; and always the wild Frontiersman tested and tried the defences till the breaking point came, and he could swoop down until a stronger arose and drove him back. Ranjit Singh came and went, and then the Sahibs came, but always the defences will be tested and tried till . . .

So when cunning Hindu agitators have been spreading the news that the defences are failing, the Afridi thinks the time is at hand for a fresh swoop. He is told that the Sahibs are going to give the Government over to fat Hindu babus and, after a wild burst of laughter at such a ridiculous idea, he sees to it that his rifle is well oiled in readiness for "The Day." As for ammunition, it can be stolen or bought, and there are many enemies of the Sahibs ready to supply money. And so the great adventure is launched with everything to gain and little to lose.

The Afridi is fearless of death. He looks upon a raiding expedition much as you and I look on a game of football. A man must die sometime and achieve Paradise, so why not now? The idea is dismissed with a shrug. If the adventure is successful there will be much loot. If not, there will doubtless be punishment, hard fighting and heavy fines—it is all in the game. Who can blame the Afridi, a poor ignorant savage?

And what manner of man is he? A murderer, a thief and a liar, and yet you cannot help liking him. Tall, handsome, with a deep booming voice, hard as nails, fearless, a first-class shot, with a boyish disposition and a rough Rabelaisian sense of humour, he strikes a responsive chord somewhere in the Sahibs. His love of

adventure, his sense of sport, his ease of manner, his manly independence, his quaint recognition of the Sahib as an equal, have an attraction that cannot be denied. The writer has spent many years in their country, and counted many unspeakable ruffians as his friends.

There was Mohomed Akbar, with his tales of sharp raids on unsuspecting police posts about which he was so blandly proud. There was Subehdar Major Sher Khan, who told me a horrifying tale of his encounter with a churail, which is the ghost of a lady who died in child-birth and has her feet turned the wrong way—her job is to lure the Faithful to destruction by ghouls—and Sher Khan's hair rose as he related his escape. Then there was old Ghazukai, who rumbled with laughter whenever I met him, because I had advised him to support the construction of the Khyber railway in view of the opportunities he would have of looting the trains as they slowly chugged up the steep grades. There was Malik Din Mohomed, who chartered a dozen taxis in Peshawar, loaded them with his henchmen and a cargo of Mills bombs and dynamite and, descending swiftly on his enemy's village at evening, exterminated them all by dawn. There was Abdul Ghafur Khan, who, with two hundred of his tribesmen, escorted us on a journey to the top of a neighbouring mountain. This meant bivouacing for the night with the tribe in dangerous country, and they sang us the Afridi war song as we sat round a roaring fire on which sheep were roasted whole. It was in a narrow limestone gorge with the neighbouring heights picketed with riflemen, and the red glare of the flames fell on the rough tribesmen forming perfect groups of natural and easy grace as they intently followed the chief singer and swayed now and then with the excitement of his narrative. For the Afridi, singing often takes the form of a long narrative sung by one man to an exciting and throbbing rhythm into which the rest of the tribe breaks with a sort of chanted chorus or response. Quicker and quicker goes the chant, and

presently the singer is acting the words in a dance, which is taken up by those near him, and then by more and more till the whole concourse, excited and overwrought, is stamping in perfect rhythm, brandishing their rifles and swords.

Then suddenly the song ceased, and the excited throng broke up laughing like a lot of schoolboys. Yes, you can't help liking them.

It is difficult to feel at ease with an Indian, there are so many differences in culture and custom and outlook on life. But with the Pathan there is no such difficulty, and between two adventurous races deep calls to deep. The Frontier is a hard country, a man's country. Fierce heat in summer, bitter cold in winter, swept by shrieking gales, it is no place for weaklings. The Frontier sahib is the finest product of the Empire, and the Empire may well be proud of those who are Wardens of the Marches in the North-West. They must be allowed to rule the savage Afridi with a hard, just rule. Swift punishment for the guilty, swift reward for the faithful, quick decision and rapid action, and no interference by Hindu lawyers and babu politicians. The men are there who can do the Empire's work and the Wall can be held. There is great work to be done, and if England will but dare to be great, the weapon wherewith to achieve that greatness will spring ready forged into her hand.

Hitlerism: Two Neglected Aspects

By Gordon Bolitho

One of the few British subjects who have attended the full three-years' course at Heidelberg University since the war.

IT is significant that Germany is called the "Vaterland," as opposed to our more gracious and sentimental "Mother country," for every national movement in Germany, since Bismarck's reign of "blood and iron," has been for the glorification of man. Every movement except the present "emancipation" of Germany through "Nazionalsozialismus," in which women have a definite, if second, place.

Up to now Germany has enthroned few national heroines. Her statues are all of men, her literature is poor in the biographies of women. Even the war did not produce a German Florence Nightingale or a Nurse Cavell. Germany's galleries contain few portraits of illustrious women except those exalted by royal birth. There has never been a German Queen Victoria or a Queen Elizabeth. One might almost say that the Vaterland has a womanless history. The Kaiserin August Victoria, the first wife of the Kaiser, was loved and her name is revered to this day. What is astonishing is, that in republican Germany, her name is still mentioned in the prayers in the churches. All other royalties have, of course, been expunged. Otherwise one looks about in vain for German women who excite and hold the imagination of the German people.

The suppression of women in Germany begins to pass with the new regime. For three years I have been a student in Heidelberg—I have been, on my vacations, to Pomerania, Silesia, East Prussia, and Schleswig-Holstein—I am one of the few British students who have remained at a German university for three years, since the war. In a hundred places, during these three

years, I have seen the slow growth of the "Nazis," and, with them, the slow emancipation of women, through their political associations and other organized efforts at independence. Hitler has loosened their domestic bonds, and already they are shouting with enthusiasm, on the edge of the political arena.

I would say, after careful observation, that the German women have gained much, in spirit and kind, under Herr Hitler's regime.

The change was already threatened a few years ago, in about 1920, when the wives of unemployed husbands fell for the Soviet propaganda. They were tired of knitting, of counting sheets and cooking meals for idle men and they began forming Communist associations of their own. They flung their knitting needles aside and made their first attempt at raising their voices in the post-war depression. Their effort was abortive at first. Not until the new Government came in did the women find the support which they needed, for Herr Hitler gave them uniforms and rank in his armies. The first enthusiasm went far—the women were credited with having increased the birth-rate of the country within seven months of the change. Staggering under this compliment, the German woman found herself no longer relegated to the kitchen. Now *she* marches to the beat of the drum and with the red "Hakenkreuz" flag casting a glow upon her cheeks.

When I was in Heidelberg a month ago, it was being suggested that the uniformed girls should have their own hostels and training centres, so that their daily life might become saturated by the ideals of National Socialism. The new curriculum in the universities provides for special lectures "for the political enlightenment" of women and they may attend the universities by paying about two-pence a lecture. Many of the lectures are free. I have attended some of these and the audiences have never been less than 50 per cent. women, even when they have been open to both sexes; not merely

girl students, but poor housewives, shop assistants, and, as I saw in Heidelberg last term, nuns from the local convent.

I think one of the most thrilling aspects of the new Government, an aspect divorced from all racial or political aims, has been in the relationship between mothers and sons. Up to last year I knew many families of the old Junker professional and merchant classes in which the mothers despaired of their sons. It was touching and it seemed hopeless. The boys were disciplined in the university corps, but there was no army for them to enter. They were trained as teachers, but there were not enough schools, or as merchants, but there were no posts for them. Mothers saw their sons languishing in beer gardens, deteriorating in discipline and character. I have talked to mothers who have said: "I must forgive my son anything he does because he has no proper outlet for his energies." Hitler has given these boys the outlet they lacked. I do not believe it to be an offensive military outlet. I have been a guest in thirty-eight different houses in Germany, and whatever I feel, I would deny this more than any other accusation made against Hitler and his aims. The mothers are deeply grateful for the refreshed interest Hitler has given to the life of the young. You can see it in their faces. It is no exaggeration to say that the expression on the faces of the women of Germany has changed from being forlorn to radiant in the past six months. There are brown boots to be cleaned and brass badges to be polished—the reactions are simple and not to be confused with anything so violent as militarism. The reactions are more domestic than that.

One great change which has come in the last few months is in the position and influence of the wives of big landowners. Before the revolution they had the privileges and responsibilities of the wife of an English squire, but, since 1918, they have lived in their castles, usually in one wing, estranged from their villagers and afraid to attempt any social work among them because of the Communists. Last Christmas I was staying in

Silesia. My hostess wished to give a meal to all the children in the village, but the Communist mothers refused to allow their children to eat it unless they themselves were present when it was prepared. They said she would probably poison their children. This has changed in a few months and, free of the fears of Communist assault and insult, women of this class are visiting the sick, feeding the poor—returning in every way to the wonderful relationship between landowner and peasant which was part of the backbone of agriculture in the days of its prosperity. Last month, in Pomerania (the home of the Junker class, and yet the least Communistic province in Germany), I stayed with a family who own forty-three thousand acres. During the harvest my hostess went out into the fields and lunched with the peasants, as in the old days. She told me, as evidence of their restored self-respect, that the women again work side by side with their husbands in the fields. For years they have been content to accept the dole in the winter, feeling no urge to earn money to raise their standard of living. Now they say they have something to work for.

Another change which I noticed—unimportant perhaps, but interesting—was in the mode of address between servants and mistresses. For twelve years the servants have shown their independence by addressing their mistresses without the equivalent of the English *madam*. They have reverted now to the old, polite forms. A guest also is addressed in the third person, a practice which died in 1918. This would be unimportant if it were not that it is a spontaneous effort on the part of the servants and working men. A generation has grown up since 1918, with no recollection of the old order. It is curious that they are already reverting to the practice of coming to "the big house" for advice and medicine. Thus the landowner's wife has her usefulness in the community restored to her, for her own good as well as for the good of those who seek her help.

The new freedom given to women has had a contrary

effect from what we might expect. Instead of making the younger women wish for public careers, it has increased their interest in housewifery and social service. There are already less girls trying to be lawyers and doctors and journalists. The latter profession produced a fever among Communist German girls a year or so ago. The desire for physical fitness has not lessened; it culminated in the demonstration in Stuttgart a little time ago, when eighty thousand women took part.

It is interesting to wonder what would have happened in Germany if Herr Hitler had been a married man. The wives of the other dictators, Mussolini and Mustapha Kemal, have had no apparent place in their husband's schemes, although Mussolini's picture of respectable and contented married life has had its influence on the Italian people. Herr Hitler's irreproachable private life appeals to the mothers of Germany and, as much as the men, they see salvation in him. The younger ones have turned from their discontented life and have returned to the more womanly interests in obedience to his wish. It is significant that they have used their emancipation, not to ape men more zealously, but to become women again.

The Churches.

The revolution in 1918 made religion in Germany more personal and less congregational—it emptied the churches. But, at the same time, it increased such unseen quiet devotions as "family prayers." One of the effects of Herr Hitler's regime has been to change this again, and it is interesting to trace the story of religious devotion in Germany from 1918 to the present troubled time. One of the effects of the 1918 revolution was the death of national feeling and therefore all services of national thanksgiving. With the passing of mass worship, in congregations, and the rise of Communism, there died also the wonderful relationship between landowner and peasant. The parish, as such, was no longer a power, and in country places the social work, as part of church

activity, died away completely. The patron or landowner in Silesia, Pomerania or Holstein still paid for the upkeep of the church, but Communism bred fear and mistrust in the community. There were no congregations, no collections, and therefore double expense for the already impoverished landowner. The fierce antagonism born between peasant and landowner by the revolution moved another beautiful manifestation of religious life from the small villages. Where there was no church it had been the custom for the peasants to go to the "big house" for prayers in the great hall. With the revolution this was no longer possible. The peasant shunned the "big house" and the landowner's wife shunned the village because of her fear of insults.

Whatever evil England may see in Herr Hitler's methods it cannot be denied that the return of confidence to the German people has been a great stimulus to the organized religious life of the country. Fifteen months ago I was staying with friends in a little village in Silesia. For generations the peasants had come to their house every Sunday morning for a short service, read by the wife of the landowner. When I was there the first time, only three of the servants and two old women from the milking-shed joined the family for the service. My hostess told me how she had tried to induce the villagers to come to the house. But the young people were full of Communistic ideas, which taught them that the prayers they learned at the "big house" were for the glorification of the capitalist and not for their own souls. The older people, throwing aside their habit of attending the service, followed in the footsteps of their revolutionary children and gradually the congregation dwindled to some five or six people, outside the landowner and his family. Last month, when I was staying in the same house again, everything was changed. The Sunday morning service was packed and the old order had come back. For ten years there had been no harvest festival. I arrived in the middle of September, when the crops

were ripe in the fields. There was no church, but the peasants all came to the service in the big hall of the house, which had been decorated the day before, with sheaves of corn and wreaths of fruit and flowers. In place of the five or six worshippers of some years ago, one hundred came in their beautiful Silesian peasant costumes. I cannot describe the effect of this on my host and hostess. The coming of the peasants had been quite spontaneous, and my friends' sensation of mixed joy and bewilderment made her silent. She read the sermon, which had arrived the day before by post, and one saw a contentment upon the faces of the people which, knowing the old Germany from end to end, was delightful. When the service was over the peasants came with wreaths of corn and poppies for all of us, and they danced on the terrace in front of the house. As the only Briton in this quiet part of Germany, I felt bewildered. The English papers were full of the more monstrous aspects of the change, but here before me there was a return to the old peace and security of village life such as England knows.

The revival of public worship is not confined to the country villages. I found the big churches in Heidelberg more crowded than before. German churches have been near to the danger of being no more than monuments, full of tourists on weekdays and empty of worshippers on Sunday.

An educated and charming man, to whom I spoke in Berlin, told me that one extraordinary effect of the new regime has been to draw into the church a class of theological scholar hardly known in Germany before. The once sound practice which sent younger sons of English families into the church has never obtained in Germany. Now many young men who might have become officers in the army have decided to enter the church. This change has come within the last few months, and, in some curious way, it is linked with the rebirth of national feeling and the desire of the young to give their best to the new Germany.

Whither Spain?

By John Bell

SPAIN is passing through a political crisis, and no Spaniard, far-seeing though he may be, can say how and when it will end. Let the truth be told, nothing, absolutely nothing, has been done by the Lerroux Government since it came into power after the elections. Great things were expected of Don Alejandro Lerroux, one of the first Republicans, who suffered for the faith that was in him. It was thought that the politician who had done most to bring about the fall of the Azaña Government and its Socialist cohort, who had put an end to the policy that had bred unrest and discontent throughout the country, would have been able to do something in keeping with the result of the elections. If this result meant anything at all, it certainly connoted the wish of the electors for a policy radically different from that prosecuted by Señor Azaña and his Socialist supporters.

It takes a new Government some time to get into its stride, but by all appearances the Lerroux Cabinet can be nothing more than a makeshift one. A Nemesis hangs over it. Strong to outward appearance, it is in reality weak. Heralded as a sure bulwark against the proletarian forces, it found itself faced, during the second week in February, with a revolution threatened by the Socialists who, be it remembered, number less than sixty in the Cortes.

How comes it that the Government finds itself unable to make headway? Its incapacity is variously interpreted by Spaniards themselves. Those who hanker after a new Spain, which was, and still is, the dream of Señor Azaña, consider that the pendulum swung too much to the Right at the last elections, that it would have been better for the country if a stronger Left had been returned. In this case, what is erroneously called the policy of regeneration would have been continued. That is to say, the persecution of the Church would have

gone on, also the socialization of the land and the passing of legislation in favour of the workers and at the expense of the employers. In short, a Government threatened by a powerful Left would have been forced to take the proletariat into account. Those who argue thus forget that in spite of the coddling of the Marxists in Señor Azaña's time, the anarchists and the syndicalists were as restless as ever, planning to overthrow the Government, just as they are now striving to foment a revolution.

Another interpretation of the Government's unsatisfactory position is that which strikes the dispassionate foreign observer as being more accurate. It is this: the pendulum did not swing far enough to the Right at the last election. If it had swung with greater momentum in that direction there would have been quite a different story to tell. There would have been a Right rather than a Centre-Right majority. And in that case it is permissible to conjecture that Señor Lerroux would not have been at the head of the Government. A Right-Centre majority can save the Government from defeat, but having regard to the various groups who form it and the startling difference in their political ideals, anything like cohesion when it comes to practical legislation is out of the question.

A striking example of this want of homogeneity was brought to light the other day by a statement made by Señor Barríos to the magazine "Blanco y Negro." Señor Barríos was Premier in the temporary Cabinet which preceded the formation of Señor Lerroux's Government, in which he holds the portfolio of Home Secretary. He did a bold and unusual thing for a minister. He declared that the Parliamentary situation and the position of the Government in particular was confused and lamentable, that it could not continue, and proclaimed himself a man of the Left, though he advocated a ministry of concentration under the present Premier. One would have thought that the subtle but inert Lerroux would have dissented from this open avowal of the weakness of his Government.

But instead of taking his lieutenant to task for going out of his way to tell the country what a weak Government it had, the Premier actually agreed with him and declared that he would have said the same thing had he been in the place of Señor Barríos. Poor Spain!

It comes to this, then—nothing can be expected from the present Government, even though the opposition to it, including 37 Monarchists, 59 Socialists, 4 deputies who follow Azaña, and 18 Catalans, numbers only 118. The only alternative is a Government of the Right. The young and vigorous leader of Acción Popular Agraria, Señor Gil Robles, aspires to the premiership; but not yet. He has announced that he will bide his time. It is good tactics on his part to wait. He has something to live down, for though he has a tremendous following, a section of his supporters were disappointed when he made it known that if he had to form a Government it would be within the framework of the Republic. This in spite of the fact that many members of Acción Popular are distinctly Monarchist in sympathy.

The fact has to be admitted that what is taking place in Spain at the present time—the manifest incoherence in Parliament, the multiplicity of groups with bewilderingly diversified aims, the threats of revolution by the Socialists who, having had a taste of power and dominion, are lusting to resume control of the country, the discontent, leading to despair, among moderate men who think of the needs of Spain, not of the ambition of politicians, the activities of bomb-throwers and *pistoleros*—does not augur well for the continuance of the party system. This system is being put to a very severe test, and if it goes under the politicians who do nothing but wrangle will be to blame.

The same spirit is seen and felt in Spain as in other countries where the party system has been tried out. Revolutionary changes, cataclysms in the body politic, are born of despair. It was so in Russia, Italy and Germany. In Spain the Republic has not instituted the

era dreamt of at the time when King Alfonso was bidden to quit his throne. A foreigner who keeps his eyes and ears open as he travels through the country is struck by this fact—the testing time of the Republic is not yet over. The testing now is even more severe than it was a year ago when repressive measures were in force.

What do we find? A Parliamentary minority bent on plunging the country into revolution, undeterred by the fact that it mustered only 56 votes in favour of its thesis. The Socialist leaders are seeking to achieve that which was impossible in the past—to close up the ranks of the various subversive organizations. Hitherto there was no love lost among the members of the General Workers' Union, the Socialist labour organization which claims to have more than a million adherents, and those of the National Confederation of Labour, a syndicalist body which has always preached force. When the Socialists wielded power under Azaña, the General Workers' Union turned a deaf ear to the overtures of the National Confederation of Labour. Now they understand one another and are agreed on the mode of action.

Already the Socialists are giving Madrid examples of terror. Hardly a day elapses without one or more inoffensive persons being shot down in the street by Socialist *pistoleros*.¶ This in spite of Señor Lerroux's promise that the citizens must be protected. In addition to these outrages by Socialists, there are the activities of the Anarchists and Communists who, though they are a law unto themselves, recognizing no trade union authority, would play their part in any revolutionary outbreak. There is this to be said to the credit of the present Government: if and when the Socialists took their courage in their hands and proclaimed a revolution they would be mercilessly crushed. While Señor Prieto, the Socialist leader and former newspaper seller in the streets of Bilbao, was talking glibly about the proposed revolution and what would result from it—he promised to socialize the land and turn common soldiers into generals—the

Government organized the public forces for action. Señor Lerroux took care to have the right men for the task of crushing the revolution. It is openly suggested that he turned to the proper place for these men—the Right.

It can be imagined that all this talk of revolution, all the conferences of the heads of departments responsible for the maintenance of public order and security, are causing anxiety in the country. Many people are turning their attention to a movement which was laughed at when it was started. The Spanish Phalanx, as the Fascists call themselves, has made remarkable progress since it was started in October. There are now branches everywhere in Spain. In Madrid alone the number of Fascists is put at 80,000. Their leader, Don José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the late Dictator, has all the vigour and enthusiasm of a successful apostle. Banned by the Right and Left, harassed by the authorities, the Spanish Phalanx is overcoming the obstacles placed in its way, and is attracting all sorts of people to its banner, including workmen. Its leaders are military men, and it is a tribute to its growing power that it is feared by the Socialists.

It looks as if Spain, in her present position, may prove a fruitful soil for Fascism. Did she not live seven years under a Dictator? Peaceful years they were, too, as many Spaniards who did not love the Dictator, now readily confess. Spanish Fascism is that expression of discontent with the party system of Government since the institution of the Republic. It has no use for parties; its sole occupation is the weal of Spain. Thus its programme is appealing to people who prefer the new Spain it envisages to that which the professional politicians desire to create, but cannot agree among themselves as to the form it should take.

The world will hear more of young Primo de Rivera in the immediate future, and though most of the present members of the stalemate Government refuse to take him seriously, it may be that he is destined to indicate the

direction which Spain must take in order to get rid of the troubles which have grown thick and fast upon her since the politicians assumed control of her destinies.

Look where you will in Spain you find abundant evidence of deep discontent with the existing state of things. This discontent has brought about a revival of ideals which it was thought had disappeared for ever with the birth of the Republic. A year ago there was only one Royalist member of the Cortes, Romanones. The election brought 36 others, and it is no secret that there are other deputies with group labels attached to them who have not shed their monarchist sympathies and who would welcome the opportunity of proclaiming them openly. If the actual chaotic conditions persist, the opportunity will come in good time.

Meanwhile the Monarchists, taking advantage of the existing situation, are engaging in active propaganda. Unlike the Socialists, they are not threatening a revolution. If they did so they would run the risk of being clapped in gaol. For less than this the Socialists, when they were in power, imprisoned them. Such is the enthusiasm displayed at the monarchist meetings up and down the country that one may well ask what would happen if another election took place. The portents are that in a straight fight, without the jiggery-pokery which marked a number, not by any means negligible, of the ballots at the last election, the monarchist representation would be appreciably increased.

For the moment though you may still see inscribed on the walls of Madrid, "Viva el Rey," the immediate question confronting Spaniards who love their country and want it to go forward is: how long will the present Government last, and will any other Government formed from the actual representation in the Cortes be able to get down to business? A difficult question, the answer to which must be left to time.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

January 16th.

I WAS talking to a land agent to-day, who deplored the enormous increase of grassland in this district which has taken place since the war. "Why deplore it?" I asked him. "Why not be thankful that we are blessed with a temperate moist climate, which enables our farmers to compete with the overseas farmer in this branch of farming? Instead of moaning about our handicaps, we should be more grateful for our blessings, and our ability to grow grass easily and well, and to keep our stock out of doors practically all the year round is one of our farming's greatest blessings." We wrangled about this for a while, but he was forced to admit that all the rents he collected were produced from grassland, which in addition, carried the losses on the arable proportion of the farms. The truth is that for the past forty years in the management of large estates all landowners and land agents have recognized the superior value of grassland by comparison with arable. Possibly no landlord wants to see an all-grass estate, but, very certainly, no landlord or land agent can afford to see an all-arable estate. It is a pity that those responsible for estate management who have seats in either of our legislative assemblies do not tell their fellow members the principles upon which they manage their estates.

January 17th.

In connection with yesterday's argument I have been thinking about the great improvement which has taken place during recent years in the laying down of temporary pastures for from one to five or more years' duration, with the result that a considerable amount of livestock farming can be and is being carried on without the use of much permanent grassland. One of the most hopeful features of our farming to-day is this increasing popularity of what might be termed arable and grass stock farming. This

system is admirably suited to our temperate moist climate, it gives a sound basis for an elastic rotation of crops which may be stretched easily in any direction to suit the nation's needs either in peace or war, and it may well develop into a stable tradition of our farming industry. Granted, it will use grass rather largely in its rotation, but it will produce as its main selling lines the produce of animal husbandry, and will grow wheat and other grain as a comparative side-line, in so much as the needs of the farm's livestock require its production. The production of grain in this country as a by-product of a successful animal husbandry is one thing—an admirable way of producing the maximum from our land, and at the same time keeping it in good heart. Grain production as the main purpose of our farming is another—a sure and certain way to financial bankruptcy for the farmer, and of fertility bankruptcy for the land of this country.

January 19th.

Recently in travelling about the country as well as in my own district I have seen evidences of bad farming which make me shudder. Wheat on unsuitable land, the intention to sow wheat late in the Spring on land which in the proper course should go into oats or barley, and also that black treachery to farm land, wheat after wheat. It is amazing too to find men who have a reputation for good farming over many years doing this sort of thing. Some time ago one of these chortled to me that he had received a nice cheque from the Wheat Commission as a result of his crimes. On some of his land I knew that he had grown a very poor crop, somewhere about five sacks per acre, and to-day he has a considerable acreage of land upon which he will need to spend all his Wheat Quota cheque and more to repair the damage which his bad farming has done. I told him this, and added, "Don't brag about your treachery to your land, to your father's teaching, and to everything which you know to be right in farming. Judas got thirty pieces of silver for his

betrayal, but I never knew that he bragged about it or that it paid him." The truth is that the Wheat Quota is a direct cash inducement to our farmers to farm badly, and anyone can see the evidences of this with half an eye in any county in the country. It is to be hoped that some of our administrators not only notice this—I know for a fact that they do—but also draw attention to it in the House of Commons.

January 20th.

Still it keeps dry, but there are already signs of Spring to be seen. To-day I turned up numerous pairs of partridges, which I suppose is a sign of an early Spring. Well, we can do with one, for the hay ricks are shrinking all too rapidly, and now that our administrators have seen fit to harm our livestock industry by increasing the price of oats we could do with some early grass. I don't suppose that we shall get it though, for the water-meadows are more backward than ever I remember. This winter they have been water-meadows only in name, for the river has been dwindling daily since the summer. It is to be hoped that February will live up to its name of Fill-Dyke.

January 23rd.

Not one covey of partridges could I find to-day on the farm. They have all paired off, and evidently made up their minds that an early Spring is on the way. It is beautiful weather for field work, and for pleasures of all kinds, but the wind will not get away from the North East, and I have never yet seen much rain in this district while it is in that quarter. My old "drowner" is heartbroken. I paid him the balance of his piece-work money for doing the water-meadows the other day, and he said, "I've a done the work well thease round, Zur, but there ain't no grass. I be reel ashamed o' they meads. I doan't zim to 'ave earned me money." He gets 15*s.* per acre for doing the irrigation work, but whether we get any early grass in the meadows or not he has earned his

money. He is a man with enough confidence in himself to take a job by the piece, and such employees are all too rare in these days.

January 30th.

To-day I was privileged to read a letter from a farmer in Idaho, which he had written to one of my neighbours. He says definitely that Mr. Roosevelt has succeeded in raising the prices of all farm produce by about 50 per cent., and in some cases by even more. He instanced first quality potatoes which he sold last year at 25 cents per hundred pounds, now selling at 90 cents, and second grade at 65 cents which last year were unsaleable. It rather looks as though Mr. Roosevelt is succeeding much better than we have been led to believe.

February 3rd.

It was obvious from its inception that the Wheat Quota was liable to fraud by a grower, but not until to-day has any suggestion that this was taking place come to light. I have never agreed with this legislation for many reasons, but if this case is proved against the grower it looks as though the machinery of the Wheat Quota would have to be overhauled. It is cumbersome enough, goodness only knows, and rather fantastic in its operations in many cases. I have heard of two brothers who each keep a lot of poultry and who each grow a little wheat as a by-product of their various forms of animal husbandry. To obtain the Quota payments they have to sell their wheat to a merchant, and in order to feed their hens Bob has to buy back Bill's and vice versa. If we must bribe our farmers to farm badly, surely we should be able to do it without this insane hauling of wheat from and to a farm. If my memory does not fail me there is nothing quite so ridiculous in Alice in Wonderland.

February 5th.

Once again I have had an instance of how differently people look on the same thing. I stayed a night with a

town friend who has a country house and about eight acres of land upon which he plays at farming. I was shown round the estate, and when we came to the poultry department I asked my host how much his eggs cost him. "About three-and-six apiece, and cheap at the price, and I don't want any damned farming economics from you," was his reply. Presumably he works hard at his business in town in order to enjoy himself on his land at great expense, while the farmer does exactly the opposite, I suppose. To every man both his trade and his pleasures, although I sometimes think that the farmer has lost more than he has gained by the facility with which modern transport enables him to enjoy his leisure in town. Years ago he obtained both his living and his pleasure from his land, which meant that he was always to be found on it, a thing which was very beneficial to his farming.

February 7th.

Always in this month we are granted one day of Spring, one day upon which one can smell the Spring, and I hope it will not be long before it comes. Generally, soon after the fourteenth of the month, one morning I wake up to find a different feeling in the air. The bite has gone from the wind, the clovers under my feet are suddenly alive, the birds are mating, and the whole earth seems to be wakening from its winter sleep. Even if March arrives to greet a frozen world, February has always granted me one day at least upon which I obtain my first whiff of Spring. Surely she will not fail me this year, but unless the wind changes from North East to South West I am afraid that she will fail me. Where are the South West winds this year?

February 10th.

It is cheering to see that the prices of agricultural produce continue their upward trend. The index figure to-day is 114 as against 107 a year ago. Slow the rise

may be, but let us hope that it is sure also. One great branch of our farming is still in the doldrums however—beef production. In the year 1930–31 meat sales brought in 36·95 per cent. of the money income of the farmers of Great Britain, and about half of this came from beef and veal, while wheat accounted for but 2·18 per cent. A rise in the price of fat cattle would not only help our beef producing farmers but would be of enormous benefit to the dairying branch of our farming industry.

February 12th.

From the newspapers I see that New York is in the grip of frost, and that the temperature has fallen to 14 degrees below zero. I have lived and worked outside during sixty below weather in Western Canada, and seem to remember no great discomfort in consequence, but I should not care for such a temperature here. Despite the North East wind and the drought here, when I think of those days, and of the unsettled conditions in most countries to-day I am thankful that I am living in England, and, if truth be told, the position of the home farmer is to-day much to be preferred to that of any other farmer in the world.

February 13th.

Now that my cows are out of doors all the year round there is very little illness or trouble of any kind with them, but to-day one of them managed to get into a large water trough. When I arrived on the scene she was nearly on her back with one hind leg under a cross bar, and we could not get her out until we smashed the bar. This done, she scrambled to her feet, and stood in the trough looking the picture of misery. She was too wobbly for us to attempt to drive her out, so we drove all her mates away up the field, and in a moment or two she scrambled out to follow them. I thought I was clever when I put in big troughs, but now I am not so sure.

The Coming Change

By Osbert Burdett

SOME issue there must be. Troubles conquer, if not conquered. The real question, therefore, is: What change would best get England out of its present mess? We hear a lot about the slump, about the economic crisis in industrial countries (still, happily, but a portion of the civilized world), about over-production, under-consumption, currency difficulties, fluctuating exchange, unemployment, the international political tangle, the threat of war, the thorn of disarmament, with the failure, so far, to find the remedy. Remedial projects abound among separate enthusiasts, but for the whole tangle, the ravelled skein, they seem to cancel one another. Threads might be gnawed through by the busy mice if only they did not also gnaw, and nag at, each other. The net remains. We seem helplessly in it. Why, despite all the anxiety, effort, lamentation, the bursting portfolios of proposals, is nothing done? Why do men feel impotent, in a trance of paralysis? Why, here at home, in poor old England, is the situation precarious still? When the practical, the experienced, prove to be impotent, is it not time for the young, the inexperienced, the unpractical, to take thought? (Nobody over thirty should even glance at what follows.)

Let us examine these practical people for a moment. A practical man, whether in business or in politics, confronted with a slump is one who wants conditions to be restored to the state in which they were before the slump began. A boom would content the fellow. He looks no deeper. This is his original error. For institutions, like inventions and machines, have been designed and made by the human will and intelligence, and they can be unmade or altered as men choose. They obey the direction of human volition, human brains. They remain subject to human control, are not its masters. They offer no difficulty—in themselves. Consequently, to change them their makers have to will something other:

an end other than the current (it is likely), for an ill-effect implies something wrong; but other means, at any rate; for the means have clogged. To will, I say: mere wishing is idleness; and the practical man is failing because he does not will a real difference. He only wishes—wishes prosperity to return—the conditions to stay as they are! But, since his policy has brought these conditions to the brink of disaster, the wish is confessedly futile. The policy must be changed. His will must set in a different direction. The results have proved his assumptions to be erroneous, and the consequences can be escaped only by changing these assumptions.

When the issue of a policy has landed men in a mess, the human will has been acting on a false philosophy. Nothing will (or can) be altered until that philosophy shall have been changed; but the practical man will never change it because (in the rut of his routine) he believes himself to be acting in and through necessities of business, which he deems to be like laws of nature, fixed, and fated eternally to remain as they are. His belief in inflexibility, in adamantine economic laws, is the fruit of his philosophy. Until this belief is destroyed, nothing can be done with him. While he holds it, he himself is impotent.

For any hopeful change, therefore, to look to his agency is fruitless. We must look elsewhere: to different men; that is, to men with a different philosophy. For the practical man, wanting remedies but opposed to change, has ceased to think. That is why he denies his personal responsibility for his (and our) troubles.

What, then, is the philosophy that has paralysed his will and intelligence? It can be discovered from his words, and from the mood underlying them. From the mess it has caused, we know it to be false. From the terms he uses, we can discover its nature. Once we know its right name, we know what to give up.

It is the philosophy of materialism, denying freewill, and its mood is despair through its belief that men are

slaves to external conditions and material necessities. This philosophy is as old as history; but it was galvanized into a religion by the genius of John Calvin. In conduct it issues in the ideals of "Character and Competition," which become, in their practice, the worship of money-making; since what object have men with these ideals to work for in this world, and whose destiny in the next (while belief in any next survives) was determined before they were born—for the materialist is a determinist—by an inexorable doom or fate, except money? This is the religion, philosophy and mood which have brought us to the money crisis. It is none the less the driving power in industrial countries because the practical men are so steeped in it that they have forgotten its name and origin, and could not, with rare exceptions, tell you either. Their first principles have become instinctive. Their practice, now reflex, is clear; and their motives are absorbed in their practice so completely that many of them would laugh at the notion that they had any religion at all. They are, then, no-religionists; i.e. men whose religion it is to deny the existence of God. Materialism begins by denying freewill, proceeds thence to a determinist philosophy; this substitution of doom for divinity issues in atheism, and atheism produces the mood of despair. Throughout history, the seeming obviousness and innocence of materialism always ends, imperceptibly and to the surprise of men themselves, in despairful atheism sooner or later. It ends, appropriately, in a slump.

One philosophy can only be destroyed by another; and, when a philosophy has become a religion—that is, a faith to which its possessor gives his life's loyalty and, if necessary, for which he will die—only another religion can destroy it. A religion is the only power that commands the whole will, that guides all action. It is a man's "ruling motive"; therefore unescapable; but therefore, too, the root of his courage, the well-spring of intelligence, the source and sustainer of every man's

activity. It colours the whole conduct of a man, and, since no man can act or keep alive without a ruling motive, from his motives, his behaviour, and his prevailing mood, his religion can be gathered. Our friend's, we have seen, is despair.

Clearly, then, a mood of hope would be the remedy to use upon him, the counter-mood, the mood with the best chance. But it must be a mood of hope arising from a religion. No shoddy optimism is worth a button. The business man himself has pleaded for "a return of confidence" in vain. First economy, then wise spending was the cry. Each has failed to do the trick. Optimism has failed because this mood has no philosophy behind it. "Hoping for the best" is like hoping for a legacy. A craven thing, it wants—not to win, but to be saved. It is passive, is not hope at all, for hope is an active quality of the soul, the quality unquenchable by defeat. Optimism is at the mercy of circumstances. Hope is not. Consequently, the real thing, hope, is the product of a religion. One religion has made it a cardinal virtue, Christianity. In the recovery of the Christian religion would seem to lie, therefore, the best chance of change.

How would Christianity first act in attempting this tremendous reversal of mood and change of direction? Not (we know) by reciting its creed only, for the creed is proclaimed daily throughout England, apparently without effect. Not by apologies, by those pious professions of well-meaning which are more depressing than open apostasy. They sound so like surrender that materialism feels invincible merely by the purr of them. Not by very private prayer. Not even by filling the churches with passive worshippers. We have all these in a measure. Though, without these, Christianity would be only a memory in England, with these alone it is asleep.

Materialism acts unceasingly, without obtruding (but rather hiding) its formulæ. It is an active leaven, not a lump of dough. Christianity would show itself awake by the equivalent of a sleepless criticism. By the activity

of units, using their pins to prick materialist opinions, it would first tell. Wherever a policy, a book, a scientific argument, a picture, a building, a piece of sculpture, a bill, a verdict, an article in a newspaper, or a sermon, confesses, or implies, the fatal philosophy, its animating spirit should be exposed. The target is gigantic. It is, therefore, less for the Church than for its separate members to pot at it. The tactics of sharpshooting, a horde of separate snipers, are required. The hour has passed for Christianity to remain on the fence, or the defensive. Persecution might help. It must start a counter-attack, for only by taking up the challenge from which it has shrunk too long and too timidly will it renew its inspiration, its belief in itself. Show that; put its faith to the test, it will rouse its adherents from their torpor, spread confidence in the timid, and startle its opponents into attending to it seriously at last. To do this is an easy (if endless) critical task, and exhilarating. Our practical opponents, as we have seen, are acting blindly. Of the flag they follow, of the road they are travelling, they mostly know no more than that it has reached the brink of a pit.

Such want of intelligence is easily reduced by keen criticism, which does know its own origin and is clear about its goal, first to impatience, then to bewilderment, then to irritation; emotions soon followed by fury and dismay, for its old enemy, left for dead, has risen; and the consequences are incalculable, perhaps alarming. A miracle, long dismissed as "an impossibility," will have taken place. Both sides will be enlivened, marvellously!

Wherever this criticism is applied unflinchingly, self-discovery begins in both parties. Activity invigorates the soul; the Christian feels exhilarated, and the materialist, goaded unexpectedly into attention, begins at last to think; that is, to cease to take himself for granted as incarnating the majesty of the human mind. The first stirring of thought is a good sign, too, for his Christian

opponent. Indeed, the gain is clear on both sides. To think is to reason out one's premisses, and of their premisses, once these are clearly stated, too many materialists are ashamed. To lure them into argument is to convict them of thoughtlessness, and men are made aware of truth, whether of their fallacy or reality, as of most other things, by having it run up against them, hard.

Such criticism would show the human will in action setting directly counter to the trend of to-day. While it would make enemies, it would multiply friends, for the mood of despair has won more victims by infection than by propaganda, direct or even indirect. The mass of Englishmen to-day is really suffering from a feeling of impotence, from a disappointed craving for leadership. They have no notion whence that leadership should come, are incompetent to look for it, hardly fancy it can be; but this state of soul, rather a vacuum than a refusal, would fill fast enough if the Christian hope were made palpable to it. The great congregation of to-day is not inside the churches, but outside. These outsiders listen, how pathetically, to one another. Having lost the habit of thought, they very lazily read, and look, if you please, to one print for any criticism of another. Their intelligence has abdicated to the point at which they "feel" that they have, somehow, lost touch with reality; but that is all. A Christian, being a rare bird in these amusing days, speaking unofficially, as any man to his neighbour, receives the attention given to any bringer of good and unexpected news.

See what is happening on our borders. Russia dissolved. The chaos bred Bolshevism, quite a solemn faith. Italy was almost in dissolution, but a faith called Fascism saved it. Prussia, which imitates always (from the aping of France by Frederick the Great till that of Italy to-day) is (whether for better or worse) being transformed by Hitlerism, again a positive and challenging creed. England, though she always lags behind, will prove no

exception to the same rule. Some change, how imminent we know not, is upon us. Control will rest with men of initiative enough to seize it first, intelligently. Since it must be some faith behind them, which faith shall it be? For the reasons briefly given, I submit that the most hopeful change for the better would be the recovery of Christians from their torpor; and, since the rising generation and its leaders could be drawn appropriately from the younger, that any of the younger men, and women, who happen to be Christians, should awake to their chance.

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Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

EVENTS in France have overshadowed every other issue during the past month, and it is to be feared that the majority of people in this country have paid more attention to what was spectacular than to what is really important. The most serious aspect of the whole affair is that two administrations, those of M. Chautemps and M. Daladier, have been overthrown in the streets in spite of the fact that they had a majority in the Chamber. It is true that these particular ministries were up to the neck in the Stavisky *affaire*, but the precedent is ominous. Once Paris acquires a taste for turning out governments by force history shows that her appetite is liable to become insatiable.

It remains to be seen whether the assumption of office by M. Doumergue represents the beginning of a crisis or the end. Passions have been roused and blood has been shed, both to an extent for which one would have to go back to the Commune for a parallel. Such being the case, the new Premier's task is far harder than was that of M. Poincaré in 1926, for France has been more deeply stirred than she was then. First of all, however, it may be as well to recall the sequence of events, since the British Press has not always made it too easy for its readers to distinguish the vital from the sensational.

The Beginning of the Trouble

AS soon as the ramifications of the Stavisky swindles became known French opinion grew excited, and the dramatic end of the speculator himself was as fuel to the fire, for no one believed the story that he had committed suicide. The Royalists and the Communists seized upon the occasion for demonstrations against the Republic, but nobody took them very seriously. When, however, it began to appear that some of the ministers were implicated, it was realized that the scandal went

far deeper than any of its immediate predecessors, and the hostility to the Government (and to the Chamber which supported it) grew. M. Chautemps bowed to the storm, and resigned.

M. Daladier succeeded him, and it was generally assumed that he would bring fresh blood into his Cabinet, instead of merely ringing the changes on the old politicians. He did nothing of the sort, and as the Chamber did not appear to object, the ordinary man-in-the-street became infuriated with the latter. Then came the dismissal of M. Chiappe, clearly sacrificed to gain Socialist support, followed by a veritable shoal of resignations and fresh appointments. Paris became restive, and for the first time for many years the populace as a whole, not merely the extremists of the Right and Left, began to display hostility towards the authorities.

The Night of February 6th

SUCH was the situation on February 6th, when the ex-service men's associations decided to intervene. They represent the healthiest element in French life, and have always refused to become the catspaw of any political organization. Accordingly, that evening they took part in a demonstration against the Daladier administration, and were fired on by the *gardes mobiles* in the Place de la Concorde, where Louis XVI was guillotined because he had refused to allow his Swiss to fire on the mob at the right moment. While these scenes were taking place the Chamber was passing votes of confidence in the Government.

By the following morning all Paris was in revolt. The Press, almost without exception, demanded the resignation of the Cabinet, while the ex-service men announced their intention of demonstrating again, this time with arms, and it was said with a Marshal of France at their head. What happened behind the scenes it is impossible to say, but about 2.0 p.m. M. Daladier

resigned, nominally on the ground that the police could no longer control the situation, and that he would not take the responsibility of ordering the soldiers to shoot. This was generally interpreted as meaning that he had been informed that the soldiers would refuse to shoot. Thereupon the President sent for M. Doumergue, and the ex-service men were withdrawn from the streets, leaving the latter to the extremists, with whom the police were able to cope.

Some Reflections

TWO considerations arise at this point. The first is that the demonstrations, after being directed against a particular Cabinet, were soon aimed at the Chamber that supported it, and the distinction between Parliament and the Parliamentary System is very fine. The second is the utter inability of the Royalists of the *Action Française* to take advantage of a situation which might have been created for them. They clearly had no plan of action worth the name, and were quite unable to attract to their side the ordinary citizens, even at a time when the *régime* was rocking on its foundations.

This would seem to imply that if the Third Republic falls it will be because of its own weakness, and not because there is an attractive alternative. The Bourbons cannot hope to be restored unless they change their tactics; the situation is one that should suit the Bonapartes, but they are represented by a young man, whose name nobody ever mentions; Fascism is still non-existent, and it is difficult to see who is going to call it into being. On the other hand, the existing order is thoroughly discredited. France is faced by one of the most serious crises in her history.

The Doumergue Government

MEANWHILE, what of M. Doumergue and his chances? His administration is described in our Popular Press, always partial to false analogies, as a

National Government, but that means nothing, for any government is national that pursues a national as opposed to a sectional policy. The new French Cabinet is in reality a Directory, though whether it proposes to govern with or without Parliament, of which several of the ministers are not members, remains to be seen. It will certainly be very difficult for it to find a majority in the present Chamber as soon as the deputies cease to go in terror of their lives.

Amid the confusion of French politics to-day one fact is clear, and it is that the country wants strong authoritative government. As it was at the end of the Fronde, at the time of the Consulate, and in the last days of the Second Republic, so it is now. The problem is how this desire can be satisfied. If the *régime* can be reformed in such a way as to meet the demand, it will continue. If not, then France will turn to the man or the system that will give her what she wants, but who or what that will be is on the knees of the gods.

France and Europe

AN authoritarian *règime* in France will be certain to have serious repercussions all over Europe. Indeed, the Doumergue Government has already begun to make itself felt, for Dr. Dollfuss has already been allowed to attack the Austrian Socialists, an action which had been forbidden by previous French administrations. There has also been a general stiffening of the attitude of the Quai d'Orsay towards Germany, and this can be taken as a foretaste of what is to come. If, as seems likely, the new Government is driven to rely more and more upon the Nationalist elements at home, that will be reflected in its foreign policy.

All this bodes ill for the Disarmament Conference, which has now been in existence for over two years and has accomplished nothing. It suspended what are somewhat euphemistically termed its activities in order that direct negotiations should take place between Paris and

Berlin, and now these have led to nothing. Great Britain has presented another memorandum, but as it is obvious that this country has no intention of doing anything more than proffer unwanted advice, the memorandum has been politely ignored. We have adopted a policy of unilateral disarmament for so long that we have nothing with which to bargain.

The Disarmament Conference

IN these circumstances the British Government should reconsider its policy. Let it bring the Disarmament Conference to an end by withdrawing its representatives, and then announce that all future negotiations should be conducted within the framework of the Four Power Pact. No one, except Mr. Arthur Henderson, would be any the worse for this frank recognition of facts, and to suggest that Europe would at once fly to arms is sheer nonsense. To continue pumping oxygen into the moribund Conference may well prove more expensive in the long run than letting it die a natural death, for the longer it lasts in its present form the more suspicion does it sow among the Powers of one another's intentions.

This would enable the British Government to bring the Navy, Army, and Air Force up to the strength which the national interests demand. At present the British Empire is, like the Spanish Empire during the latter part of the seventeenth century, living upon sufferance, and it will continue to do so until it can defend itself again. Moreover, we have lightheartedly undertaken commitments, such as the Locarno Pact, which we are quite unable to fulfil. This state of affairs must be remedied and the first step is to bring the Disarmament Conference to an end.

The German Situation

THE Nazis have now been in power for twelve months, but it is still impossible to forecast their domestic policy. What is clear is that there is a struggle going on

between the Right and Left wings of the party, represented by Göring and Göbbels respectively, and that victory has recently been inclining towards the latter. What are the views of Hitler himself it is difficult to say, but his latest pronouncements would seem to show that he has, temporarily or permanently, come down on the side of Göbbels.

Even so, his policy lends itself to very different constructions. The campaign against the Monarchists has coincided with the bestowal of high honour upon the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, while Prince Philip of Hesse has long been in the innermost Nazi counsels. Does this all betoken some deep-laid scheme upon which Hitler is working, or does it mean that he has no settled plan, and is merely throwing out sops to Right and Left alternately? Time alone can show, but it would be amusing if the Nazi revolution, like so many others, ended in the establishment of a Coburg on the throne.

A Lesson for Britain

THE treatment of the German Royalists contains a lesson which Conservatives in this country would do well not to ignore. Hügenberg and his friends failed to formulate a definite policy, relied upon an appeal to the older generation, and thought to use Hitler for their own ends. They called him into office, and now he has used his power to crush them. It is the story of the Young Lady of Riga over again. What they should have done was to put forward a constructive programme, and that would have rallied to them just those people who joined Hitler because no one else, except the extreme Left, had anything to offer them.

The moral is that if the British Conservative Party goes into the next General Election without a policy, its disordered ranks will be subject to a cross-fire from the followers of Sir Oswald Mosley and Sir Stafford Cripps, and the casualties will be heavy. Thereafter there will be a rush to don black shirts, and the Conservative

remnant, like the German Nationalists, will call in a dictator to help them, only to find that they have saddled themselves with a master. That is the lesson of recent developments in the Reich.

German Foreign Policy

THE task of reorganization at home will keep ths German Government fully occupied for some time to come, and when it is ready for foreign adventures many farsighted people in the Reich consider that the breaking-point between Moscow and Tokyo will have been reached. Russia's extremity is to be Germany's opportunity, and when the Soviet forces are fully occupied in the Far East the moment will have arrived to detach the Ukraine. That is to say after the preliminary step of the absorption of Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania has been taken. This would be the old *Drang nach Osten* in a new Nazi form.

The advantages of this from the German point of view are obvious, for in the event of war it would mean that no blockade could be effective with the Ukraine upon which to draw for supplies. Furthermore, it would give Germany the opportunity of appearing before the world as the champion of the Ukraine against Bolshevist tyranny, for no one could deny that Berlin would have performed a definite service to humanity by rescuing that suffering country from the clutches of Moscow. All this is in the future, but not perhaps so distant a future as may at first sight appear.

Russia from Within

AMID the spate of books telling the truth, the half-truth, and deliberate untruths about Russia, there has appeared one that no intelligent person should miss namely *Winter in Moscow* by Malcolm Muggeridge (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.). The author was the Russian correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, and in this volume he completely exposes the hollow sham called

the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. He shows us a land which manages to export only by allowing the peasants to die of starvation by the thousand, where the capital is one vast slum, and where hatred is inculcated by the authorities as a virtue. In short, he portrays Bolshevism as the beastly thing it is.

Mr. Muggeridge narrates the whole history of the movement in one paragraph that cannot be too widely quoted:—

"The class war, in fact, became an institution or vested interest. For fear that the class war should die down an organization was created whose business was to keep it alive by, on the one hand, making class enemies, and, on the other, destroying them. This machinery of destruction is a non-stop puppet revolution. It has its properties and its formulae and its personnel; its stage army and villain and hero, and serves to perpetuate artificially the circumstances in which alone the Dictatorship of the Proletariat can continue to exist; as though the Church, in order to keep alive the first inspiration out of which its doctrine and its power came, had Jesus nailed on to the cross again and again, the corpse becoming more and more bloodless, putrefied; made a skull contort with agony, and a regimented crowd jeer and deserve punishment while the elect, the apostles, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, were radiant with electric virtue."

Not the least interesting part of this book is the masterly exposure of the way in which visitors to Russia are hoodwinked to the top of whatever may be their own particular bent, and if anything would bring a blush to the cheeks of those who pontificate about the Soviet Union after a few days' visit, these pages should do so. Mr. Muggeridge has written, with real experience behind it, just the book for which there was a felt want, and if it finds a public equal to its deserts it should sell by the million.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HERBERT AGAR**

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Literary Notes

The Jewish Problem

IN "The Jew To-day" (Ivor, Nicholson & Watson 8s. 6d.), Mr. Sidney Dark discusses a timely subject. Mr. Dark has high seriousness, he is sympathetic with the Jews, he has an earnest wish to help solve this ugly problem. For these reasons his book is more than interesting; it is a provocation to thought, and it deserves the attention of all who would grapple with social problems to-day. In fact, it should be recommended to Mr. Dark himself; a careful re-reading might lead him to go more deeply into the subject.

Mr. Dark has set out to discuss the Jewish problem, and incidentally to defend the Jews from the more

hostile criticism which is passed upon them. This is a laudable purpose, but Mr. Dark is hampered by his unwillingness to face the very terms of the Jewish problem as it is seen by most people. You cannot cure a man of his prejudices if you think it indelicate even to phrase them in your own mind. And it is clear that Mr. Dark finds the Jewish problem not quite nice. He is forever whittling away at its sharp edges, so that he can pretend there is nothing much left, or at least nothing with a definable shape. He will begin a sentence as follows: "Perhaps because of his (the Jew's) feeling that he is still regarded with a certain suspicion"—which is as if a man broached the negro problem in America in words like this: "Perhaps because he feels that there are still groups of white men who might so far forget themselves as to treat him with a lack of *politesse*. . . ." And Mr. Dark can write: "the indignation aroused by the Nazi anti-Semitism would seem to suggest a widespread appreciation of the Jewish character with the full realization of the Jew's value as a citizen." The truth is that "the indignation aroused by the Nazi anti-Semitism" (outside of Jewish circles) has been shrill and impotent, suggesting nothing so much as a silly old Englishwoman stamping and squeaking on Roman pavements when she sees an Italian beat his donkey up-hill. Mr. Dark's prejudice against admitting the sorry facts is so great that even when he quotes a Jew who states these facts succinctly, Mr. Dark has to add that things are really much pleasanter than they seem. He quotes Mr. Leonard Stein as follows: "The Jews are almost everywhere unhappy and uncomfortable. Where they are not persecuted, they are nevertheless acutely conscious that as a body they are disliked. There is hardly a country in the world in which a Jew is not, as such, under impalpable but well-recognized disadvantages. Even where the Jews are least unwelcome they are perpetually on the defensive. . . . In Jewish self-pity there is, needless to say, an element of morbid exaggera-

tion. But the broad fact remains that the Jews are hardly anywhere at ease. . . . They are perpetually accused of being parasites. They are told that they can imitate but cannot create, etc." To which Mr. Dark, in a soothing voice, appends: " it really is not the fact that the Jew is ' hardly anywhere at ease.' It is not the fact that ' they are surrounded by a world of enemies.' It is certainly not true that they are generally ' accused of being parasites.' " One almost expects Mr. Dark to conclude, " and it is a lie to suggest that there is anything least rococco about their noses."

Bluntly, the Jewish problem is this: there are about 16,000,000 Jews living in the Christian world, and wherever the Jews are numerous a goodly number of the Christians tend to dislike them. For all I know,

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the Jews may dislike the Christians even more, but that would be the Christian problem and is not under discussion here. Every aspect of the Jewish problem comes from this basic fact: that wherever they are numerous their Christian neighbours tend to dislike the Jews. This may be the fault of the Christians; it may be a misunderstanding; or it may be that there is something about Jews that Christians do not like. In any case, the fact remains, and Mr. Dark would have done better to recognize it. In London, to be sure, it is easy to understate anti-Jewish feeling; for in London there are so few Jews that the Jewish problem can scarcely exist. Of the world's sixteen million Jews, about ten millions live in Europe, at least four-fifths of them east of the Rhine. And if Mr. Dark went east of the Rhine he would find signs that Jews are "surrounded by a world of enemies," and even that they are "accused of being parasites." There are about five million Jews in the United States—most of them in the three big cities. In New York City there are a million and a half Jews —five times as many as in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. Even Mr. Dark admits that in New York there is a certain Jewish problem; nevertheless, commenting on the fact that Jews are not admitted to the good clubs, Mr. Dark adds: "but it must be remembered that there is an enormous number of Jews in New York, and to elect a few Jews would be to risk a club becoming pan-Jew." Why? It would be easy to let a Jew into the Knickerbocker Club without letting in a million and a half Jews. It is easy to let in an Englishman or a Frenchman without letting in all his compatriots. But a good New York club which let in one Jew might find itself pan-Jew even if it never let in another, for there would be an exodus of Christians. This is but another sign that wherever there are many Jews there is a very real and cruel Jewish problem. In fact, it is a tragic problem, and it should not be discussed as if it were a tempest in a teapot. The Jews are more honest than

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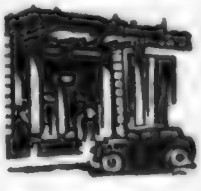

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The War Office has issued a monograph on the Battle of Le Cateau, 26th August 1914, in which the events of that memorable day are reconstructed during a tour of the battlefield. 2*s.* (2*s.* 3*d.*)

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The circumstances in which the temporary abrogation of Dominion self-government in Newfoundland has been recommended and details of the methods of reconstruction proposed are contained in the Report of the Newfoundland Royal Commission. Cmd. 4480. 5*s.* 6*d.* (5*s.* 11*d.*)

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the Christians in this respect; the contrast between Mr. Stein and Mr. Dark is typical.

If we could accept Mr. Dark's prettified picture of the Jewish problem, his conclusions would be both justified and soothing. The main point of the book is in the following sentence: "Such qualities as appear to differentiate the Jews from their fellows are qualities which are theirs conspicuously but which are marks of the *bourgeois* generally." Mr. Dark agrees with Mr. Christopher Dawson that the Jew is the *bourgeois par excellence*. Again I think these authors have been misled by considering the Jew in England, where there are not enough Jews to give a fair picture of the race. Judging from New York, I should say that bourgeois occupations do not attract the Jew quite as much as do the more flamboyant trades of acting, bootlegging, and playing the violin. I have known Jews who were great scholars, Jews who were great rogues; but I have never known a Jew as bourgeois as the ordinary nonconformist Englishman, or motor-car salesman from the Middle West. The problem is not so easily defined.

If I have been grudging to Mr. Dark's book, it is because the subject is so important, and the argument conducted on such a high level of fairness and good-feeling that I was forced to consider why the conclusions seemed to me, who have lived long in one of the world's chief Jewish cities, too soothing and flattering both to Jew and Christian.

Another Aspect

MR. HECTOR BOLITHO, in his introduction to "Twelve Jews" (Rich & Cowan, 15s.), sees the problem in more realistic terms. "The Jew remains a stranger," writes Mr. Bolitho. "Many racial and moral inquisitions have faded from mankind; but not this. It flourishes still, with its occasional glimpses of hope but with many flashes of cruelty which make

even the anti-Semitic wonder how much of the devil there is in man." "Twelve Jews" consists of biographies of a few of the more famous modern Hebrews, from Disraeli to Freud. There are twelve authors, which explains why the book does not answer any of the questions the editor had in mind when he planned it. "Twelve Jews" leads to no conclusions, but it contains interesting information and good criticism. Two of the best chapters are Mr. Peter Quenell's "Marcel Proust" and Mr. C. R. S. Harris's "Walter Rathenau."

Miscellaneous

SIR CHARLES PETRIE'S "Monarchy" should be read by everyone interested in the politics of to-day. It is an exciting book, picturing the true purpose of monarchy, the place it should occupy in the British state, and the present state of the institution in the chief countries of Europe. The chapters on Monarchy in France are admirable, and the entire book is timely and cogent.

"Byron," by Peter Quenell (Duckworth, 2s.), is a worthy addition to a first-class series of brief biographies. Mr. Quenell is able to take for granted many of the facts about Byron which have been the subject of a hundred years' bitter controversy. As a result his book is a cool, modern appraisal, not unsympathetic but certainly not warped in Byron's favour. It is possible that the final verdict on Byron's verse will be a little higher than Mr. Quenell thinks.

"A Captain Departed," by A. W. Smith (Davies, 7s. 6d.), is a hard book to classify. It appears to be an autobiography in fiction form, covering about the first thirty-five years of the author's life. In any case, it is a book of unusual interest. The author's army career and his subsequent adventures with Denikin's White Army in Russia, are brought to life in a series of brief dramatic sketches that would be a credit to any living novelist.

Wordsworth and Sydney Smith

THE SMITH OF SMITHS. By HESKETH PEARSON. Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.)
THE LATER WORDSWORTH. By EDITH C. BATHO. (Cambridge University Press. 16s.)

ALTHOUGH Wordsworth is one of the greatest of all poets, it is difficult for his male admirers to warm to him as a human being. The task can be accomplished with diligence, but the glow fades as soon as effort relaxes. He lacks altogether the zest and humour which attach us to Shakespeare and Cervantes, to Chaucer and Johnson. That his men friends felt this lack is clear. Coleridge worshipped his genius, but complained bitterly of his egotism. Lamb was intimidated by him, Hazlitt and Keats were not at their best in his company, and Scott's feeling for him seems to have been one of respect rather than affection. But that his bleak exterior concealed intense human emotions appears from his elegiac poetry, the finest in our literature. Shelley on Keats, Arnold on Clough, and Swinburne on Baudelaire are inferior to Wordsworth on Coleridge and on his schoolmaster, Matthew. Women felt this hidden passion in him, and served him with an absolute devotion. His sister, his wife and his sister-in-law, though the chief worshippers, do not exhaust the list of his women adorers; nor was his attraction for women merely due to the power of habit and intimacy. Mrs. Hemans, a charming and beautiful woman, took an instantaneous liking to Wordsworth, and found Scott difficult in comparison.

That Wordsworth's spell over women has not ceased with his death is shown on every page of Miss Edith Batho's study of his later years. The aim of Miss Batho is to battle with and annihilate the common notion that the later Wordsworth was an arid, self-centred and pompous prig, a notion which was generally prevalent even before the discovery of his early love affair in France, and which since this discovery has been fortified by the view that he became self-righteous in an attempt to stifle his remorse for his treatment of Annette Vallon.

That Miss Batho will carry any of her male readers all the way with her is improbable. To take one instance of her ruthless determination to present a Wordsworth entirely free from Puritan prejudices, she will not admit that when Wordsworth, confronted with a group of Cupid and Psyche kissing, cried out "The Devils!" he was really in the least perturbed. He was not in the mood to look at statuary that day, she suggests, or, alternatively, he was pulling the leg of his companion, Haydon. The first interpretation is weak, for a person who is bored does not express himself with intensity; and the second interpretation reveals a humourist whom no one but Miss Batho would dare to identify with the author of "The Excursion."

These exaggerations apart, Miss Batho's book is of the highest value. If she does not succeed in making her readers feel that Wordsworth was a man of overflowing love and ever-ready tolerance for the weaknesses of humanity, an amalgam of the best of Falstaff and Saint Francis of Assisi, she sets forth more clearly and fully than any predecessor in Wordsworthian criticism the true facts about his politics, his religion and his personal relations in the latter half of his life. Many misconceptions will be disposed of by this masterly presentation of the facts, the two chief ones being the legend that Wordsworth was interested in no writing but his own,

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PAUL STEELE, M.A., *Secretary*,
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and the charge that his Toryism was based on fear and selfishness alone.

A completely sympathetic nature, however, does not require to be defended against the accusations of self-absorption and narrowness. To see Wordsworth's limitations as a human being it is necessary only to place him by the side of Sydney Smith, whom Mr. Hesketh Pearson has brought back to life with an unobtrusive art which contrasts amusingly with Miss Batho's passionate advocacy. Having discovered that Sydney Smith, who had become a half-forgotten name to the rest of the world, was one of the richest natures and wisest minds in English history, Mr. Pearson has presented him both as a man and as a political thinker with the minimum of heat and excitement, and the result is one of the most fascinating of modern biographies. Although through his friendship with the Hollands associated with the Whigs, Sydney Smith remained throughout his life an unattached lover of liberty as a concrete reality, not as a political catchword. He detested tyranny, not because he would have liked to be a tyrant and resented not being one, but because he wished well to his fellow creatures. He therefore attacked tyranny wherever he found it, and exposed the cant about public schools as heartily as he ridiculed the disabilities from which the Catholics of England and Ireland suffered. "A man," he wrote, "gets well pummelled at a public school . . . and twenty years afterwards . . . is determined to act a manly part in life, and says, 'I passed through all that myself, and I am determined my son shall pass through it as I have done.'"

A man of such detached intelligence was certain not to receive the temporal rewards which his services to the party of reform had earned. He would have liked a bishopric, or a deanery, and once complained of the longevity of those who were keeping him out of the reward of his merits: "The Bishop of —— has the rancour to recover after three paralytic strokes, and the

Dean of —— to be vigorous at eighty-two. And yet these are men who are called Christians!" But he never intrigued for promotion, spent most of his life in country livings, made no recorded complaint when Lord Grey passed him over in favour of a Tory, and when he was at last fobbed off with a Canonry of St. Paul's proved that a man may be a great wit and humourist and yet as efficient as any bore. One puts down this book reflecting what a different place the world would be if laughter, generosity and tolerance were regarded as essential qualities in the persons who control the machinery of life.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Hodge Podge

WORK OF ART. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
MEN WHO MARCH AWAY. By HENRY ANDOVER. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)
MAGNUS MERRIMAN. By ERIC LINKLATER. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
CORNER SHOP. By PHILIP KEELEY. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)
FAMILY AFFAIRS. By BARBARA HUGHES-STANDON. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

SINCLAIR LEWIS' latest novel shows some of the embarrassment which any youngish novelist might be expected to feel after winning the Nobel Prize. This award is the pinnacle of literary recognition—and Mr. Lewis is in the exacting position of having been boosted to the top of the mountain when he had just climbed to the first plateau, where he might easily have decided to remain in unquestioned ownership. Not even Mr. Lewis' most ardent admirers can feel that he deserved such an award while there are authors of world importance—Mr. Chesterton, for example—whose claims to the Nobel Prize are yet unacknowledged. One cannot help feeling for Mr. Lewis in his predicament. He is a first-rate artist of a second-rate order, and yet

he must feel that the whole world now expects of him work of cosmic importance.

"Work of Art" is authentic Lewis. Anyone who enjoys being swept into a world of almost magical commonplace and held there until the author lets him go, should read the book at once. When I say *almost* magical, I mean that the real magic of the commonplace —the magic Mr. Chesterton can reveal in the most humdrum aspects of life, lifting them to eternal poetic significance—this magic eludes Mr. Lewis entirely. He is of the second-rate order of writers because he is neither a thinker nor a poet; and the inner significance of his subject-matter is necessarily as limited as his own consciousness. Mr. Lewis is said to be annoyed by the accusation that his books are "literary photographs." The accusation is of course absurd, for he has unusual powers at telling a story, and at creating characters who have a double vitality, being both typical and intensely real. Yet there are plenty of novelists who have these gifts, which indeed define the novelist as distinct from a person who simply writes novels, and there is no doubt that Mr. Lewis' unique gift lies in the re-creation of a scene with the exactness of photography. The reason it is absurd to call him a photographer is that the latter gets his effects by virtue of possessing a machine, whereas Mr. Lewis gets his by virtue of possessing a rare genius for reporting. Most of us have eyes and see not; ears, yet we hear not. Mr. Lewis' sight and hearing are sensitive, accurate, and discriminating.

"Work of Art" is authentic Lewis, but it is decidedly not the best Lewis. Myron and Ora, the two brothers who illustrate the thesis of the book, are real enough, but they both lack notably that most substantial quality of reality with which Mr. Lewis' best creations are always instinct—that appeal to the reader's affections which operates by the process of identification. The scene of "Work of Art" is the American hotel—past, present,

and future—and Mr. Lewis has done his usual excellent job of making the subject enthralling. The embarrassment, mentioned earlier, which I think I detect in " Work of Art," lies in the thesis of the book—i.e. that Myron, who through sheer delight in his vocation became a master hotel-keeper, was the true artist; whereas his brother Ora, who was Literary from the cradle, was a shoddy fake. If Mr. Lewis meant to illustrate the truism that an artist is not necessarily a practitioner of one of the Fine Arts, he succeeded, but it was hardly worth what one cannot help feeling was the price—the concentration on both men's professional careers at the expense of their personal lives. Mr. Lewis usually is so abundantly creative with private lives. If, however, he was trying to shrug off his honours by implying that the people who are usually called artists are inferior to the plodding, industrious practical men, he failed by choosing Ora as the representative of the Arts. Ora is a literary racketeer, and a feeble one at that.

The best novel on this list, *qua* novel, is " Men Who March Away." It is a quiet story about which there is little one can say except that it is engrossing and excellent. Every word of it convinces one that it was written because it *had* to be written—a quality which is rarely felt. The scene of the story is Cumberland, beautifully realized, and a large part of the book describes the experiences of the hero and his friends in the trenches during the War. This part of the story is quite unlike any other presentation of the War in its tone of authority and veracity. It is exciting and yet matter-of-fact, and one feels while reading it: " Here, at last, is the War as it must have seemed to all but a few people—most of whom have written books about it."

Of the other books on this list there is little to say. If you like machine-built characters of the Gusty sort—men who drink like Gargantua, stride about the world being bitter and witty (but not funny) about everything, fight with people who say that Racine is greater than

Shakespeare, and leap in and out of bed with wistfully adoring females—then "Magnus Merriman" is your dish. "Corner Shop" is a competently-written tale about very dull people, which makes one wonder (but not very much) why anyone ever wrote it, and the same wonder is aroused by "Family Affairs," which proceeds at a rather unsteady gait just along the edge of light comedy; just along the edge, just off it.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

Causerie and Criticism

PREFACES AND ESSAYS. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)
SECOND IMPRESSIONS. By T. EARLE WELBY. (Methuen. 6s.)

THERE can be seen in the work of both Saintsbury and Welby an intermittent conflict, like a series of cricket matches, between that part of each which knew about wine and behaved nicely at parties and the other part which was professionally concerned with literature. In these matches the Gentlemen always win, and there is a pleasant amateurish country-house atmosphere all the time, with plenty of drinks in the pavilion. Welby, in addition, was such an all-rounder that he was able to watch the match even while he was the match:—

> "Like a good many other bookish and conservative persons," he says, "I find it impossible in table-talk to avoid subjects conventionally assigned to the study, and in study-talk to avoid the topics of the table, the kitchen and the cellar."

Now, that is all very well in conversation; of conversation it is perhaps one of the chief virtues. But in books, and even, if we are very strict, in periodicals, it is a vice. It leads to irrelevance and anecdote, to chattiness, which they choose to call *causerie* because it doesn't sound so bad in French.

Both these books are full of it. "Second Impressions," to which Mr. Edward Shanks has written a reverent and enthusiastic preface, is a collection of little essays from the weekly press. In their original place (I mean on "occasional" tables from which they could be picked up to glance at before dinner) they

were, no doubt, excellent. I remember enjoying many of them. Bound together in a book, they dwindle and appear trivial as even the best conversation does.

It is ridiculous to demand of a journalist that he write every week with all the care and consideration which a philosopher may be expected to expend on his final chapter. But it is not ridiculous to demand even of a journalist that, when he writes a preface to some new edition of a standard author, he should endeavour to do more than speculate about the author's private life and express a desire to meet one of his heroines. Only now and again did Saintsbury do more than that; and then, characteristically, not in his prefaces but in his journalism, as for instance in his article on Walter Pater which first appeared in "The Bookman."

If such writers are considered as mere gossips, nothing very ponderous need be said of them. But if they are to be considered as critics (and the collection of their work into volumes suggests that this is somebody's intention), then, in these days at any rate, we are obliged to become severe.

Both Saintsbury and Welby called themselves Tories. Exactly what they meant by that is not quite clear, but in an appreciation of Saintsbury, Welby quotes Walter Bagehot's "simple, brilliant and profound remark" that Conservatism is enjoyment. Saintsbury's frequent use of the word "relish," in the "famous passage" on irony, for instance, and Welby's culinary metaphors suggest that they both meant by Toryism the behaviour, aims and emotions of an experienced diner choosing a meal. I do not know whether that is an adequate description of Toryism. It is certainly not an adequate description of criticism. The gastronomic critic must study the methods and materials of the cook and the reactions, immediate and posterior, of the competent diner. He should then attempt to discover, describe and even explain the relations between them. The literary critic's business is equally and similarly complicated. It calls for a detachment which very few can attain, and they only occasionally. Neither Saintsbury nor Welby attempted this detachment. They each relied on their own palates or "judgements," which were, of course, what is called "good," and told the world that they liked Swift better than Smollet with no more desire to discover why than a man saying that he preferred lobster to winkles. This can be done by anyone with equal force and validity the other way round.

Such irresponsible writing is, at the moment, in some select circles, vehemently deprecated. The public is supposed to be in danger of taking it too seriously: *causeurs* are accused of usurping the desk of criticism. But there is really no need for anger. If the critic is to do his work properly, he needs a record of the reactions of others beside himself to works of art. This record the *causeur* gives him, often in great detail and with an accuracy and skill which would probably be lacking in stray members of the public who might be subjected to the critic's questionnaire. To provide critics with data and the public with a pleasant way of passing the time is not a very disreputable function. Saintsbury and Welby would have been the first to agree that it is not important.

WYNYARD BROWNE.

Paderewski

PADEREWSKI. By ROM LANDAU. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 18s.)

THE biographer of Marshal Pilsudski had no mean task before him when he set out to chronicle Paderewski's contribution to the restoration of Poland. That he has succeeded so conspicuously is, I think, largely due to the fact that he is himself an artist. The impression left in the mind by his book is one of remarkable lucidity. This is achieved by a style that, from the first page to the last, avoids the rhetoric and the emotionalism which are such a temptation to men who write of lives as dramatic and as moving as has been the life of the pianist who became a Prime Minister.

In the forefront of his book Mr. Landau has set the penetrating phrase of Saint-Saëns: "Il est un génie qui joue aussi du piano." That Paderewski is a genius appears indisputable. It was the power of his personality and the strength of his love of Poland which enabled him to put his country's case before the Peace Conference with success. All who came into contact with him recognized the force and clarity of his intellect and his qualities of statesmanship. Even the rabid and ignorant prejudices of Mr. Lloyd George could not hold out against his logic and his passionate sincerity. And there is in this book an unforgettable picture of Wilson listening in silence to Paderewski playing Chopin, as only he can play him, and trying to explain

Poland, through the medium of his art, to the desiccated prig from Princeton.

Mr. Landau divides his book into three parts. They may one day form the three acts of a chronicle-play. First, we are shown the slow rise of the Podolian boy, and then his sudden conquest of the musical world. A valuable chapter is devoted to the methods of Paderewski, his technique, his very definite ideas about *tempo rubato*. Then, in the second section, we see him during the war, winning in the diplomatic world the respect and affection of all who met him. We see his triumphant return to Warsaw, and his first meeting with Pilsudski—the difference in temperament of the two men is admirably brought out. We see him as Prime Minister, and follow him through his bitter disappointment to his exile in Switzerland. The third and last section deals with his private life at Riond Bosson, and explains how he returned to his piano-playing as a pure art, after using it as propaganda for Poland. His domestic tragedy, and various conversations with Mr. Landau bring the book to a close.

Mr. Landau's book is what any good book on Paderewski must be, a valuable contribution to Polish history.

J. B. MORTON.

Napoleon as Soldier

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS. By A. G. MACDONELL. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

THERE is a period in the life of most young men when Napoleon and his Marshals bulk largely as heroic figures. The glamour usually fades and if interest survives it, that interest becomes fixed on the master himself as statesman rather than as soldier. This means, merely, that far more people are interested in politics and power than in the organization and discipline of armies. It is a great achievement, in such circumstances, to have brought the Marshals once more to the front of the stage not simply as heroes but as men and so to have established for them a new relationship with posterity. Mr. MacDonell has done his work so well, indeed, that the interest he awakens flows over, immediately, into all the other parts of what is perhaps the most interesting period in modern history. From the point of view of

the lite-long student of Napoleon there is a very great deal to be thankful for in this excellent book. It is brilliantly written, completely informed, and so full of life and excitement that no reader will resist its attraction once he has begun to read. Mr. MacDonell sees Napoleon as Napoleon must be seen by any person who has not allowed himself to be blinded by political passion—namely, as one of the greatest of the sons of men. But he is no idolater. Again he sees the Marshals, justly, as, in most instances, great soldiers whose merits were displayed and developed to the fullest possible extent by their leader. Napoleon's stature as statesman and lawgiver as well as soldier is increased by comparison with these soldiers whose claims to distinction lay, strictly, within the limits of their profession. It is when the reader comes to the descriptions of the decline and fall of the Empire, of the first Restoration and of the Return from Elba, that he begins to understand not the characters of these great leaders only but the characters of most of the leaders of men. And then the Emperor and the Marshals part company for ever, not in history only but in human story as well. They were not as he was. It is curious how little the ordinary reader, and even the student, knows about most of these men. In the popular mind there is Ney with his red hair and possibly Marmont, the betrayer. A few people remember that Bernadotte became King of Sweden. But the others, with their honours and titles, are all but forgotten. Mr. MacDonell has raised them all from the dead. More than that, he has restored to its true proportions the figure of Napoleon the soldier among soldiers; the Captain whom his officers measured by the most severe professional standards, and whom, in the light of these standards, they worshipped during twenty years.

R. McNAIR WILSON.

Ronsard

PIERRE DE RONSARD: SONNETS POUR HELENE. With a Critical Introduction and English Renderings. By HUMBERT WOLFE. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.)

THE real stuff being the "rendering," a short notice must perforce leave Mr. Humbert Wolfe's ingenious introduction on one side. When one poet translates another into verse, the two first tests are these: Is the new rendering good poetry,

and, whether good or less good, does it happen to convey much or less than much of the spirit of the original? A rendering can do both or either without being much use as a crib, and the value of the rendering as a "construe" is tertiary, though this last a great piece of translation may also include. (A very fine example is Mr. Chesterton's "Happy who like Ulysses" after du Bellay.)

For reasons given in the introduction—that Ronsard and Shakespeare were virtually contemporaries, and that the sound of the Frenchman's sonnets reminds the translator of our poet's—the renderings are hard to read without being, however reluctantly, reminded of the English poet—instead of any Frenchman. This interferes with the reader's enjoyment, since Shakespeare, forcing himself (as it were) between Mr. Wolfe and his readers, is for once really horribly in the way. Not in the least that Shakespeare is necessarily "beyond compare" and the rest of it, for a recent line by W. B. Yeats—"The empty saddle that high Homer rode"—is superb enough for any comparison; but that, while reading another pair of poets, one does not want to be reminded constantly of any other writer. Already I have heard Mr. Wolfe's sonnet on page 7 called "a brave attempt" by one who admired both it and the ingenious word-echo in its first line; yet how difficult to parry such a compliment! Uncritical readers, also, will enjoy the *reminder;* those extreme to mark what is done amiss will, spitefully, not neglect it. Yet by itself, not by any English echo, should the verse be judged, and the translator has not made this easy.

The poet of "oleanders" and of "violins" I find more essentially happy in his wavering measures than in the sonnet, which is a form that rarely sings lyrically; I doubt whether the trumpet-note here sought is Mr. Wolfe's natural compass; but this hypercriticism seems the just return for a work of this ambition, this large scope (142 sonnets), and this originality. The whole series has never been "done" before, and Mr. Wolfe's "doing" despite inversions and too little spontaneity ın be read, with the French opposite, for our benefit and for ıts own sonorous invitation. May I suggest one emendation: themselves for "it seems" in the last line of all?

OSBERT BURDETT.

England's Eastern Province

EAST ANGLIA. By R. H. MOTTRAM. (Chapman & Hall. 8s. 6d.)

MR. MOTTRAM'S associations with East Anglia are well known. As a novelist he has established East Anglia in our modern imaginative literature as Sheila Kaye-Smith has established Sussex, Mary Webb Shropshire, Ruth Manning-Sanders Cornwall and Thomas Hardy Wessex. To quit fiction and enter the harder and brittler realm of fact, while preserving the same background of scenery and foreground of humanity, is to enter a stern court from which few would emerge quite unsmirched by the accusation of dullness or insularity; but Mr. Mottram brings his whole mind to the task. And from what a range of subjects he may choose! Of Dunwich he says:

> It interests me deeply to think that anything so important, as the site of an episcopate must have been to the early church, should be so completely forgotten and covered up, that no one can tell within forty miles where it was, with the aid of such maps and documents as the then state of awareness has left to us. The ruins here, situated in the garden of the Vicarage, consist of the outline of a crudely built Saxon church, over and around which the Danes seem to have piled an earthwork!

Mr. Mottram has provided us with no ordinary travel book, but with a testament of fair and field—of open market and of closed tavern; and the pageant only pauses to shed light on a handful of memorable characters, or to unearth some deeply buried treasure. The illustrations bear out the purpose of the book—part history, part rural and part coastal. Mr. Mottram is aware of that sense of isolation which haunts the east coast—particularly, he tells us, at Blakeney Point:

> A few yards from the custodian's house, round the edge of a sand-hill, you might be miles from any human habitation instead of a mile and a half from green Norfolk fields. Between you and those fields lies stretched a semi-tidal marsh. The curious spit of sand which the Stiffkey, the Graven from below Blakeney Hill, and the tides have conspired to throw up here on its northern side, might be the coast of Greenland. Here are wrecks, seals, and the particular sort of desolation healthy boys love.

Mr. Mottram's zeal for East Anglia is unbounded, and his enthusiasm is consequently not often tempered with moderation. To him this land of bracing winds and sea-cold temperature, of bleak landscapes and Anglo-Saxon ghosts, of endless beach-walks and ragged coast-lines, is for all. It is for the healthy

because they can battle with the elements and enjoy the wild solitudes; and it is for the weak because they need the tonic of that alternately sunbaked and frozen countryside. Those who love this large corner of England—packed with history as it is with rugged beauty—will love this book. For there is much else, particularly of city life, for which no space is here left. The cities of the first English cathedrals—of St. Julian and the first English martyr—of Magna Carta and the boyhood of Wolsey—would make a book in themselves. The author here has let them give place to the aspect of these lovely places as they disclose themselves to-day.

ASHLEY SAMPSON.

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